

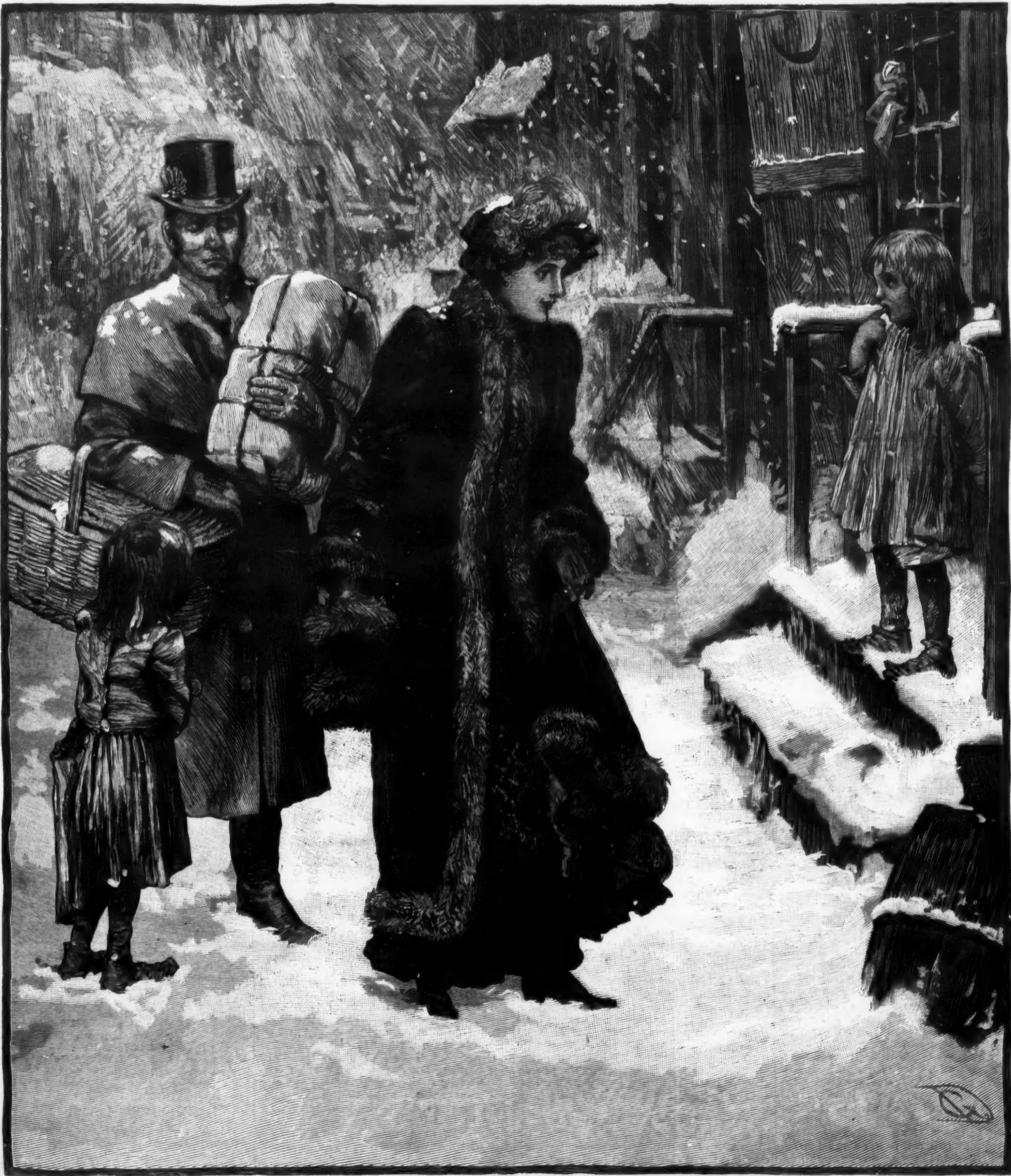
FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED**  
NEWSPAPER

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"God is pleased with no music below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing and comforted and thankful persons."—Jeremy Taylor.

LADY BOUNTIFUL: A SKETCH IN THE POORER QUARTER OF NEW YORK.  
SEE PAGE 279.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
58, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

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DOES SHIP-OWNING PAY?

MR. DINGLEY, of Maine, has introduced into Congress four Bills relating to shipping: 1, Relieving seamen and shipowners of some of the burdens now imposed in the way of special taxes, tonnage duties, extra pay, etc.; 2, Licensing the skippers of sailing-ships as pilots; 3, Admitting free of duty foreign materials for the construction of wooden vessels; 4, Establishing a Bureau of Commerce and Navigation in the Treasury Department. These Bills are entirely different in their scope and purposes, and are to be considered without relation to each other.

The first Bill mentioned is similar to that which was passed by the last House and left in the Senate unenacted. It ought to become law, as every shipowner and every seaman well knows, in the interest both of economy and common justice. It greatly diminishes the power of consuls over ships, reduces the temptation to blackmail captains in foreign ports, releases owners from the obligation to pay three months' wages to a seaman discharged abroad, and makes of the ownership of a vessel a limited partnership. Some of the abuses thus abolished have been inherited from the pre-vaporic age, when every craft swung a broad sail. There is scarcely any doubt that this equitable measure will this time become a law. So of the second Bill, limiting the abuses of the pilot extorters.

The proposition to create a Bureau of Commerce and Navigation will not be received with favor. The Federal Cabinet is already an incongruous and amorphous thing; it would be a pity to make it yet more absurd. We are pre-eminently a peaceful nation, yet the great interests of peace are scarcely represented in the Government. We have a War Department, controlling barely soldiers enough to make a good-sized village, who might easily enough be managed by a bureau; and a Navy Department that might be superintended by half a dozen clerks. But we have no department to look after the vast interests of manufactures or mines, or of industry that includes everything. And now it is proposed to add a Bureau of Commerce when we have but few ships and shall probably have fewer.

And this sentence brings us to the Bill "to encourage American ship-building for the foreign carrying trade," by taking the duty off from ship-building materials for wooden ships. It is probably not at all important whether this Bill passes or not. We have as a nation virtually gone out of the foreign carrying trade. Nobody is building or trying to build any wooden ships for that trade, and it is not at all likely that any would be built if the Bill should pass. Iron ships are mainly employed, and those are built and owned and manned abroad, where labor is cheap.

The question arises whether it is at all necessary that we should go into the general competition of the foreign carrying trade? Building and owning great ships for long voyages is about the poorest business in the world. Why should Americans withdraw their capital from banking, mining, manufacturing, and put it where the return will not be half as great? It is the opinion of some of our largest shippers that the business of ocean transportation does not pay two per cent. on the investment. "I wouldn't own an interest in a transatlantic ship," said a wealthy oil-refiner, of this city, "because we cannot compete in that business with the cheap sailors of Italy, Spain and Holland. I can send a ton of oil to Egypt cheaper than I can to Forty-second Street, right

here in the city; I can send a barrel of tar to Calcutta as cheap as I can to Poughkeepsie! Why should Americans go into such ruinous rivalry? An Italian captain gets \$900 or \$1,000 a year; an American captain from \$2,000 to \$2,200. I don't envy the Genoese vessels the wretched privilege of carrying my barrels from here to Constantinople for thirty cents!"

Why should American labor go out of its way to place itself in direct competition with the pauper labor of Europe? We might as well go to Naples and start macaroni factories. Is it necessary that we should go into the general carrying trade at an inevitable loss? In time of peace we shall make far more money in other occupations; in time of war, the fewer defenseless ships we have afloat for the enemy to prey upon the better. There is a deal of shabby sentimentalism in the talk about the glory of the great merchant marine, for the vision of a nation's flag upon the sea has come to be a sign not of wealth but of poverty. The exhibition of the Union Jack, the French Tri-color, the Lion of St. Mark's, or the Jeweled Crown of Naples, at the head of a merchantman, is now not a pledge of prosperity, but a signal of distress. There are thousands of ships upon our shores at this instant—Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and French—clamoring and begging for cargoes at almost any price. Why should we join them when we have enough to do at respectable wages?

We need an effective navy—not a gigantic navy, powerful enough for foreign conquest, but large and vigorous enough to defend our great cities against a foe. When that is secure, we shall risk nothing by hiring our porters where we can hire them to advantage, and letting the half-fed underlings of the crowded coast of the Old World come and do our cheap drudgery.

CHRISTMAS MERRIMENT AND CHRISTIAN KINDNESS.

IN the good old days of Merrie England, no longer ago than "Bracebridge Hall" and "Pickwick," the rich and the poor kept holiday together at Christmastide. The yule log and the blazing plum pudding within doors, and athletic sports without, brought master and servant, landlord and tenant, farmer and laborer, into hearty and sympathetic union. In our own South, too, the case used to be much the same. Christmas was emphatically the holiday of the slave; a day on which, to an extent unknown and impossible at any other season, he was brought into friendly and even jovial relations with his master's family. And in our Northern States, if there was little of joyous intercourse between all classes, it was only because the Northern people had not yet learned to make holiday at all. If the well-to-do did not share their merriment with their dependents and poorer neighbors, it was because there was little merriment among them and none especially peculiar to Christmas Day. As far as they kept the holiday at all, they kept it in the same spirit of mutual mirth.

But changing conditions of social life have changed the old joyous Christmas habits into customs little in accord with the true Christmas spirit. Increasing culture and refinement, even more than increasing wealth, have widened the chasm between class and class, and it is now as impracticable as it would be undesirable to bridge the gulf by the common celebration of even one day in the year. The amusements of the rich are not for the poor. The latter would be as ill at ease at the operas, concerts and theatres which the wealthy and the cultured enjoy, as out of place at their balls or parties or formal dinners. It is inevitable in the nature of things that their amusements shall be apart. And what are the amusements of the poor? A prominent daily paper has of late been giving from time to time a somewhat detailed account of some of them—the cheap museums, the dance-houses, the low shows, the opium dens of the "East Side." The heart grows sick at a mere glance down the too realistic columns. It is by such means as these that the God-given yearning for social intercourse is to be met? Are there none to take account of this imperative and ennobling desire; none to provide for its satisfaction except those who know how by debasing and corrupting it to turn it to their own profit? The time is coming, nay, is close at hand, when the prosperous will learn to recognize the fact that the amusing, no less than the educating, of the poorer classes is an imperative duty which can only be neglected at the peril of the public weal.

But not all of the poor have a share even in these deadly joys. For thousands of them there is actually no source of recreation open, and this blessed festival season brings to them no respite from the monotony of unloved lives. Above all are the little children of the poor to be pitied. The holidays which bring such joys for other children have none for them. Shut out even from the grudging comfort of the

warm school room, the pitiless cold of the street drives them into their homes, and the crowded houses, in which through the working hours there is no room for them, throw them back upon the street. Shivering in scanty raiment, hungry from lack of food, from cold, from the not understood heart hunger that is most clamorous, while all the air is filled with Christmas merriment, gifts, greetings in which they have no part, denied even that "place to play in," which, once given, supplies to the imaginative child heart the place of so many real comforts, how is the Christmas joy to be brought home to these little ones?

There is one way which, in spite of the unnumbered lions which start up in the way at the first suggestion of the plan, is, we venture to affirm, entirely feasible and practicable. Every public-school-room and every Sunday-school-room in this city might and should, during the Christmas holidays, be warmed and thrown open from daylight till dark to the children who are in the habit of frequenting them. There are benevolent people enough in our city to meet the expense of fuel, of care taking, even of damage to floors and walls, though that, under proper management, need not be great. There is surely wit enough among our philanthropists to untie whatever knots they may meet in the question of the right of putting public school rooms to such use. In Boston, if not in New York, certain of the school rooms have already been used—and to much the same purpose—for Summer vacation schools, and there is no good reason why, under proper restrictions and suitable management, their use as holiday play-rooms should be denied. Let us provide that the little children of the poor shall have at least a place to play in, if we can compass for them no more of Christmas merriment than this.

THE BANKRUPTCY QUESTION.

AMONG the various subjects which will come before Congress during the ensuing session, the question of a bankruptcy law promises to attract deserved attention. In no country in the world is a national bankruptcy law so necessary as in the United States, and in none is the task of framing it so difficult. Every year the tendency of trade is to stretch out over a wider area. Large houses have branches in one State, manufactures in another, stores and warehouses in a third. But in the event of failure each of these properties belonging to the same house is liable to a different law of liquidation. We have twenty-eight different codes of insolvent law in force. Preferences legal in one State are illegal in another, and the machinery of assignees, receivers and other officers differ, not only as to name, but in their functions.

But great as is the necessity of passing a national law which shall bring all this diversity into unity, the difficulty of formulating it is great in proportion. This country embraces conditions of life varying from the most complex to the most simple.

Neither London or Paris surpass New York in the variety and proportionate volume of business, nor do they greatly differ in the conditions and manner of doing it. But a settler in the West represents the most primitive condition of agricultural life, and to frame a law suitable to great cities and not unsuitable to our interior States, presents an almost insolvable problem. Last year two Bills were introduced into Congress—one in the House, one in the Senate. The House Bill was known as the Lowell Draft. It was drawn by Judge Lowell in the interest and on the instructions of a committee of Boston merchants, and was well adapted to Eastern conditions. But the very provisions that made it suitable to Boston and New York made it unsuitable to the interior States. That a man in Boston, unable to pay his bills at maturity, should be at once put in liquidation, was a reasonable protection to the creditor; but to impose such laws on the West, where farmers only come into money at certain seasons, would be to place two-thirds of the population at the mercy of any impatient creditor. This Bill was opposed by Senator Ingalls of Kansas, and the Senate Committee introduced another measure, which was simple and merciful in its provisions, suited to the interior States, but for that reason unequalled to Eastern requirements. The result was that both Bills were defeated, and the subject, therefore, comes up again at this session.

Congress will now have the benefit of the deliberations on the subject of the British Parliament, which has passed a new Bankruptcy Act for the United Kingdom. This measure differs from all preceding Bills in that it appoints official receivers whose duty is not only to protect the estate, but to investigate into the causes of the debtor's failure. The Act is generally admitted to be a masterpiece of draftsmanship.

Mr. D. C. Robbins, Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce Committee on Bankruptcy, has recently issued a pamphlet in which he strongly advises Congress to

follow the lines of the latest British law, adapting them so far as possible to the conditions of this continent. With a view of overcoming the difficulties which surround the question, he suggests that the agricultural classes should be excluded, and the trading classes only included, in the Bill. It is to be hoped that Congress will undertake the consideration of this question in a calm and judicious spirit, unbiased by party considerations, for by such treatment alone can its difficulties be surmounted.

GRAVEYARD INSURANCES.

ALTHOUGH dealing in "graveyard" insurance stock is not by any means a new industry, the alleged collusion between two medical examiners, agents and others, at Fall River, in fraudulent transactions of this character, displays a spirit of invention and consummate rascality which almost entitles the operators to the distinction of having invented a new villainy. The evidence shows that irreclaimable drunkards, consumptives and diseased persons have had their lives insured for sums varying from \$1,000 to \$5,000, which was only possible with the aid of the medical examiner, and in all cases, after the death of the insured, the holders of the policies have hastened to pocket the money as their own. In some cases the policies were sold to saloonkeepers, who slowly poisoned the poor victim with vile liquor, and then collected their blood-money. One Charles Russell, insured for \$5,000, and reported recently to be dead and buried, it appears, has gone to Europe, probably spending his share of the proceeds of the fraud. Forgetting for the moment the wrong involved in these transactions, there is certainly something serio comical in the idea of a man making the tour of Europe on the insurance money secured by his own death. If he is possessed of a sense of humor, it does not require an active exercise of fancy to picture his sardonic grimace as he reads his own obituary, and gets jolly on the money secured by his demise. Such *post-mortem* experiences, however, are reserved for the inventive few. Even Tennyson, baron though he is, can scarcely expect more than a species of ideal, left-handed proxy posthumous existence; but here is this Russell who, certified as dead by doctors, mourned for by friends, and prayed over by clergymen, without the aid of any startling *coup de main* of thaumaturgy, starts into conscious being, and is now, perhaps, smilingly guzzling beer in a Cheapside tavern while reading the report of his own obsequies. It is sad, however, to reflect that doctors, prominent citizens and others, of whom the community would expect something better, should be implicated in such frauds. If the parties suspected are found guilty, their position and former trustworthiness should be considered an aggravation instead of a mitigation of their offenses, and the punishment meted out should be proportionably heavy.

THE SENATE SECRETARYSHIP.

THE selection of General Anson G. McCook, of New York city, for Secretary of the United States Senate is honorable both to the Republican Senators and to the object of their favor. To the former, because they resisted the appeals of expediency and made exalted character the sole standard of selection, and to the latter because the honor comes to him absolutely unsolicited. General McCook, when approached on the subject, refused to make any canvass in his own behalf, declining even to go to Washington and signify by his presence his desire for the office. Meanwhile Mr. Gorham and his backers were persistently asserting his "claims" in Senatorial ears, and resorting to all the artifices of the politician in his behalf—not even hesitating to affirm that his nomination was essential to the retention of General Mahone's co-operation with the Republicans and the maintenance of their ascendancy in the Senate. That the Republican Senators should, in the face of such a pressure, have given their preference to General McCook—gentleman whose whole career has been marked by high conscientiousness and fidelity to principle—is about the most satisfactory evidence that could be given that the party is honestly devoted to the elevation of the public service, and means to emancipate itself entirely from the peculiar influences of which Mr. Gorham is the representative. The Secretaryship of the Senate in General McCook's hands will command the respect and dignity with which it was regarded in former times, and the country will be served with an efficiency and fidelity befitting the highest legislative body in the world.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

IT looks very much as if France might be compelled to conquer Anam over again. Recent accounts report that King Hiephena, who was placed on the throne in July last, and who shortly after entered into a treaty which made the French protectorate over Anam absolute, has been poisoned, that the anti-French party is again dominant, and that a fresh declaration of war against the invaders has been proclaimed. As the result of this

revolution, the French Resident Minister, who has for some months practically controlled the diplomacy of the kingdom, will probably be dismissed, and unless the French force at Hué shall be speedily reinforced, its expulsion is by no means impossible. The City of Haiphong, on the Gulf of Tonquin, has been strongly fortified by the French, and palisades and block-houses have been erected; but their position, even thus intrenched, is by no means secure.

Meanwhile, the Tonquin situation shows no signs of improvement, and while both sides appear reluctant to strike a decisive blow, the drift of events is steadily in the direction of an actual collision. The French Chamber of Deputies has adopted the Tonquin Credit Bill, and passed a vote of confidence in the Government, and reinforcements are at once to be forwarded to the scene of action. It is said that Admiral Courbet has been instructed to seize Bac-ninh, Sontay and Hang-hos, and, having done so, to make proposals, in the event of the rejection of which he shall take possession of one of the five large Chinese ports. So far as is known, however, he has not yet commenced his aggressive movement. If he shall carry out his instructions, it will, of course, be impossible for France to recede, and just as impossible for China to remain passive in presence of the danger menacing her authority. The City of Canton is being put in condition for vigorous defense in case of a naval assault, and movements of large bodies of troops are reported in that vicinity. The Viceroy has promised the fullest possible protection to all foreign non-combatants.

We give elsewhere an account of the latest disaster to the Egyptian forces in the vicinity of Suakin. Reinforcements are being hurried forward to that point, and the advance against the False Prophet will be begun as soon as the offensive force can be well consolidated.

The latest accounts from Khartoum report that El Mahdi is at El Obeid, whether he retired with the guns, ammunition and supplies captured from Hicks Pasha. It is said, however, that his followers have greatly diminished in numbers, several of the hill tribes having returned to their homes, and it is possible that, having failed to improve his recent opportunity, his power may yet be broken with much less difficulty than at one time seemed probable, though his subjugation will, in any event, involve a serious expenditure of money and life.

Mr. Parnell's address, at the Dublin banquet in his honor, is interpreted by the English press as a deliberate defiance of the Government, if not, indeed, a declaration of war upon constitutional principles. Mr. Parnell was very bitter in his denunciations of the "coercive" emigration policy, and his whole speech was characterized by a spirit of hatred to British rule. He declared, flatly, for "national independence," and his declaration was cheered to the echo. Mr. W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in a recent address, argued that Ireland should be included in any Franchise Bill that the Government might introduce in Parliament, and Mr. Bright refers to the extension of the county franchise as one of the greatest measures that will command attention at the next session.

The Liberals have won a member at Ipswich, where their candidate was last week elected to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Cobbold, Conservative. A quantity of arms have been seized in Dublin, and there are other indications that the seditious temper in Ireland is as violent as ever.

From Spain we hear that the Royal speech at the opening of the Cortes will announce the extension of the suffrage to all who are able to read and write and who pay taxes, and, with a view to its further extension, will mention possible reforms of the Constitution for discussion in the future. It will also propose Bills for civil marriages and trial by jury. The relations of Spain with all foreign Powers are declared to be friendly.—A violent gale swept over Great Britain and Ireland on the 11th instant, doing immense damage. Many lives were lost on land and sea, a large amount of property was destroyed, and travel and communication were greatly impeded.—The visit of the Prussian Crown Prince to Rome is still provoking comment. It is officially announced that his object in going there is not to treat with the Vatican on the Church question, and this assurance will probably allay the prevailing excitement.

THE selection of Chicago as the place of meeting of the next Republican National Convention is without much political significance. Chicago is more centrally located than any of the contesting cities except Cincinnati, and is so convenient of access from all parts of the country, and possesses withal such superior hotel accommodations, that its selection was really dictated by every consideration of convenience and comfort. In point of fact, it makes very little difference, so far as the nominations are concerned, where a convention is held: these are controlled by other than mere neighborhood influences, and next year are likely to be determined, even more largely than heretofore, by questions of personal fitness and the representative character of the candidates.

THE liquor-dealers of New York city have organized for the purpose of influencing legislation and defeating the efforts to compel their obedience to existing laws. At a meeting held last week it was stated that there are 11,000 liquor-dealers, besides 18,000 persons employed in the brewing business, in this city, and the threat was made that these would all be consolidated for the purpose of electing a Mayor and District attorney of their way of thinking, and "showing the Excise and other Commissioners that we amount to just as much

as they do." Said one of the speakers: "There isn't money enough in New York to defeat any big brewer, if we should nominate him for Mayor." This is one of the most impudent threats against law and order that has ever been made in the metropolis, and it should serve to rouse public opinion to the necessity of efficiently backing the authorities in their struggle with this monstrous traffic. The men who have organized this revolt are by their own confession law-breakers. "There is probably not an hour of the day," said one of them at the meeting referred to, "that we don't violate the law." Occupying this position, they are entitled only to the consideration which is given to criminals. If they desire to obtain licenses, and to hold them when obtained, let them obey the law. If they violate it, they must be punished and branded as disreputable citizens, at war with the best interests of the community.

At a recent meeting in Philadelphia of the "Keely Motor Company," new directors were elected, and it was agreed to give the celebrated would-be inventor another postponement—another chance to explain his dynamite system. The next meeting will be on February 1st, when Mr. Keely promises to hand in a full and satisfactory explanation of his long delays—lo! these many years. A strong suspicion prevails that the "motor" is all moonshine; and so it may be. But yet, though it burst up, it will have been instrumental in accomplishing some good, for it will remain a monument of the trust that some good men do occasionally, as indeed they should ever, put in new inventions and ideas to revolutionize the world even before their virtues are proved. Science and progress are truly saved by faith.

A REMARKABLE convention of four hundred colored men was held at Atlanta, Ga., last week, for the purpose of considering the question of educating their race at the South. The proceedings were characterized by an excellent spirit throughout. One of the principal speakers, referring to the possibilities of the blacks, embodied a whole volume of wisdom in the remark: "Get education for your head, religion for your heart, and money for your pocket, and you will need no Civil Rights Bill." Resolutions were passed asking for colored representation on the boards of education, and for the election of school officers instead of their appointment. A thorough organization was effected for political campaigns, with a view to casting the colored vote for men who will pledge themselves to increase the school fund.

IN the reconstruction of the committees of the United States Senate the Virginia Readjuster Senators received an amount of consideration at the hands of the Republican majority which would seem to justify the belief that they have a "good understanding" with that party. Mr. Mahone is made Chairman of the rather influential Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and is also placed on the Naval Affairs and Post Office and Post Roads Committees. Mr. Riddleberger is made Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, and is member of the Committees on Railroads and the District of Columbia. There is no reason to doubt that both Senators are well qualified for the positions to which they are promoted, but, representing as they do, a section of the Democratic Party, their open alliance with the Republicans will, of course, subject them to a good deal of criticism from Democratic sources.

GERMANY never tires of hearing about Frederick the Great and Goethe, a library having been expended on each, while their smallest relics have been embalmed in special museums. A new book of unusual interest on Frederick is announced at Berlin. It is chiefly made up of the opinions given by the King on the various books read to him in his leisure moments by his secretary. The terrible old monarch was as great a cutter and slasher in the domain of letters as of war. Contemporaneous French critics, imitating Voltaire, take great delight in belittling Germany's favorite hero. A simple but zealous Berlin journalist recently summed up this new French attack in these words: "Do you know the latest malice coined by the French against us? Well, they say now that Frederick the Great, after ascending his throne, failed to pay his tailor's bill during two years, and, upon being dunned, told the tailor that he made money enough by clothing his colonels. The tailor jumped at the hint and at once struck a bargain to dress His Majesty gratis, provided he would order all new colonels to pause at his shop for their uniforms."

THE shutting down of so many coal mines in Pennsylvania is a deplorable occurrence, as thousands of workmen are thrown out of employment in midwinter, amidst a general dullness in business and high prices in provisions. The companies allege that the demand for coal has been cut down on account of the exceptionally mild weather, and this is in part the truth. But a still graver cause lies in the fact that less coal is needed owing to the curtailment in manufacturing during the last six months. Work in many factories has been entirely stopped or diminished by one-third, because in reality the country has been overstocked with wares. It is best for all to face the great truth that no country can consume more than its needs, and that there is only one relief for our superabundant energies, viz., the finding and fostering of foreign markets for our surplus produce. Diligent study and honest effort can solve this problem to the satisfaction of all concerned; and meanwhile charity should lend a helping hand to the unemployed sufferers, who are the principal victims of an overstrained situation.

IT is a curious commentary upon the sincerity of Democratic professions in favor of civil service reform that in Ohio the principal argument used against the re-election of Senator Pendleton is the fact that he fathered the civil service law in the Senate. But for his course in this matter, it is affirmed, there would be no doubt at all as to his re-election. The new Sergeant at Arms of the House, when mildly rebuked by some Republicans for removing the employés of his office, claiming that the spirit of civil service was against such summary proceedings, is said to have replied: "Confound your civil service; it killed Pendleton in Ohio, and it will kill any body that has anything to do with it. The offices belong to the people, and the people will have them, and their representatives are the best judges as to qualification." This is the old doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils"; and if the Democracy wish to add one more blunder to the lengthening list, they have only to continue this contemptuous treatment of the opposite doctrine—embodied in the Civil Service Act of the last session—that capacity, integrity and experience, rather than partisan service, should be made the basis of all official appointments.

THE United States Senate has passed a resolution directing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the feasibility of purchasing the grounds occupied by the Revolutionary army at Valley Forge, to be made a national park. The idea is not a bad one if it can be carried out without becoming a "job." Among the Bills introduced in the Senate is one for the construction of a fireproof library building for Congress on ground east of the Capitol, and appropriating \$500,000 to begin work. In the House, Bills have been introduced to repeal the internal revenue laws; proposing a constitutional amendment prohibiting special legislation; to pension prisoners of war confined in Confederate prisons during the civil war; to prevent undue discrimination by railroad companies, and subjecting them to the control of the States under certain circumstances; to grant a pension to soldiers of the Rebellion when they reach fifty-five years of age; to restrict the use of distilled spirits to scientific and medical purposes; to appropriate \$25,000,000 a year for five years in aid of common schools; to provide that Congress shall meet immediately after the election of members to a new Congress instead of thirteen months after, as now, and to provide for two long sessions of each Congress instead of one long and one short term. Some of these measures are in harmony with popular sentiment, but it is perhaps too much to expect that they will on that account become laws.

THE recent death of Signor Mario will call up in the minds of the older generation of opera-goers many sentimental recollections of the time when that prince of tenors sang with Grisi at the old Castle Garden. Those were the days of Malibran, Alboni, Tamburini, Lablache and Badiali—glorious names, with which the younger musical amateur is invariably confronted when he grows obstreperously boastful of the operatic festivals of the present time. Wagner's music had not then come into fashion, and "Trovatore" was new. It was with this opera that Mario's name will always be associated, from Lord Lytton's almost equally hackneyed lines:

"Of all the operas Verdi wrote,  
The best, to my taste, is the 'Trovatore';  
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note  
The souls in purgatory."

With exquisite charm and freshness of voice, good taste and excellent method, added to dramatic talent and manly beauty, he possessed every requisite of the ideal operatic tenor. His artistic career, during which he sang 931 times, ended in 1872. His marriage with Grisi was a happy one. Of late years he had resided in Rome, in reduced circumstances, amusing himself with antiquarian studies. "If any one asks about me," he would gayly say to visitors, "you can tell them that you have left Mario amidst the ruins of Rome, as my old ancestor Marius was seen on the ruins of Carthage." He was buried at Rome on December 13th, in the presence of a great concourse of notable persons.

THE London Times has an article on "The Future of America," which shows a much keener appreciation of our progress intellectually and morally than has been usual in that quarter. There have been good words in plenty as to our amazing national development and the exhibitions we have given of inexhaustible physical strength; but it has been rare, indeed, that English critics have found anything to praise in the tendencies of our civilization, and the progress of those intellectual qualities and the development of those moral resources which constitute the true wealth and grandeur of a nation. The Times, after referring to our national progress, and remarking that our real trials are just beginning, continues in this laudatory vein:

"When the era of settlement is over that of internal development will begin. What will be the moral and intellectual aspect of it? What will be the gift of America to the common stock of ideas? The question is one that can only be vaguely asked as yet; time alone can answer it. But, meanwhile, it would be vain to deny that the century old republic is giving every indication of a future as remarkable in the region of morals and of ideas as in the material region. Literature is beginning to take a character, and a very charming character, of its own; in art the Americans are showing, if not independence, at least an extraordinary facility which must lead them to better things before long. They are eager for all that Europe can send them in the way of letters, the drama, or pictures. There is no 'Evacuation of New York' on the part of English lecturers, English actors, or English writers. The keen American mind is turning with eagerness, not uninformed with criticism, towards the best that the modern world can give it. The intellectual future of such a race is not likely to disappoint the most sanguine of the prophets."

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### Domestic.

In two days last week 1,021 Bills were introduced in the House of Representatives.

A DEMOCRATIC association in Philadelphia has nominated Samuel J. Randall for President.

SEVEN Gloucester fishing schooners, with ninety-one persons on board, are now known to have been lost in the September gale.

THE number of immigrants landed in the United States in November was 33,393. The number landed in November, 1882, was 40,625.

THE Standard Theatre, in New York city, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 14th instant, involving a loss of some \$80,000.

THE Kentucky distillers have formed an association for the purpose of keeping down the production of whisky during the coming season.

A CABLE dispatch from Rome says that the American National Council of Catholic Bishops will be held at Baltimore after the Presidential election.

MRS. LIZZIE CHRISTIANCY, the recently divorced wife of Senator Christiancy, of Michigan, died in Brooklyn last week a maniac from long protracted sufferings.

THE Old Colony Baptist Association of Boston has sent a petition to the Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners, praying for a discontinuance of Sunday trains.

THE ceremony of conferring the pallium on Archbishop Elder, the successor of the late Archbishop Purcell, took place at the Cathedral in Cincinnati on the 13th instant.

THE Republican National Convention will meet at Chicago, June 3d. United States Senator Sabo, of Minnesota, has been elected Chairman of the Republican National Committee.

REPRESENTATIVES of the whisky interest in Washington are working hard to secure an extension of the bonded period. One Bill is proposed to extend the period for two years.

THREE men were killed and twelve others wounded in a fight between the Ogden and McEnery factions at a Democratic primary meeting in New Orleans on the 14th instant.

THE Florida parishes of Louisiana, which claim to have come under the Government of the United States while an independent State, protest against any railroad land grant within their borders.

THE political trials in the United States Circuit Court at Columbia, S. C., were brought to an abrupt end last week, no evidence being produced to support the charges of intimidation and conspiracy.

SAN FRANCISCO was greatly excited last week by the killing of Charles McLaughlin, a millionaire, by one Cox. The tragedy was the result of seventeen years' litigation, in which Cox was finally worsted.

THE National Women's Christian Temperance Union proposes the celebration on December 23d, throughout the country, of the tenth anniversary of the "Woman's Crusade," which began at Hillsboro, Ohio.

TWELVE saloon keepers in Cambridge, O., have been sentenced to fines aggregating \$4,400, and to imprisonment in the county jail for a total of 400 days, for violation of the Scott law. Seventy more cases are yet to be tried.

THE Democrats in the Virginia Legislature have decided to accept the Riddleberger debt settlement as a finality, and warn creditors to give up all hope of better terms and come forward and have their bonds and claims re-funded.

A COLORED dramatic company, which appeared at Vicksburg, Mich., one night last week, were refused accommodation at any of the hotels, and they were compelled to seek refuge in a freight train. It is Michigan's turn to blush.

AT the Boston city election last week, of the twelve Aldermen elected, ten were upon the Citizens' and Republican tickets. The Council will be composed of thirty-six Republicans, thirty-three Democrats and three Independent Democrats.

THE National Union League has resolved to "overthrow Southern Bourbons." The method proposed is "to issue an address to the public appealing to the South to save itself, and to the North to make liberal sacrifices in behalf of the objects in view." That style of warfare won't accomplish much.

AT the annual meeting of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, last week, it was reported that the additions to membership during the year have been 67, and the removals 60. The total membership is 2,555. The financial statement showed that the total receipts for the year were \$55,172 47, of which \$37,000 were derived from pew rents.

THE jury in the Dwight insurance case at Norwalk, Conn., has returned a verdict for the heirs of the insured. The company, nineteen in number, disputed the claim, amounting to nearly \$200,000, on the ground that Mr. Dwight secured his policy through fraud. It was also more than insinuated that he committed suicide, but this was not sustained.

SENATOR ANTHONY, the veteran of the Senate, was able to be present in his seat last week, and was sworn in for the fifth consecutive term. While he was taking the oath the whole Senate rose and remained standing until the ceremony was finished. His health is still frail, and it is doubtful whether he will be able to permanently resume his senatorial duties.

### Foreign.

THE Chamber of Deputies has rejected a motion to abolish the French Embassy to the Vatican.

It is reported that Arequipa, the most southern department of Peru, has been evacuated by the Callians.

THE British Government is preparing large quantities of war material for shipment to Chinese ports.

IT is stated that if Señor Sagasta returns to office King Alfonso will visit England in the Spring, as the former is anxious that the King should be well known by his fellow sovereigns.

A REVIEW of twenty thousand Italian troops has been ordered by King Humbert in honor of the Crown Prince Frederick William.

THE French Admiral has shelled several defenseless towns on the coast of Madagascar without giving notice to the people, who consequently lost everything they had, and were exposed to great danger.

A HURRICANE prevailed in the Province of Alicante, Spain, one day last week. It uprooted four hundred olive-trees. At Denia an immense sea demolished the quays, inundated the town and wrecked fourteen vessels in the harbor.

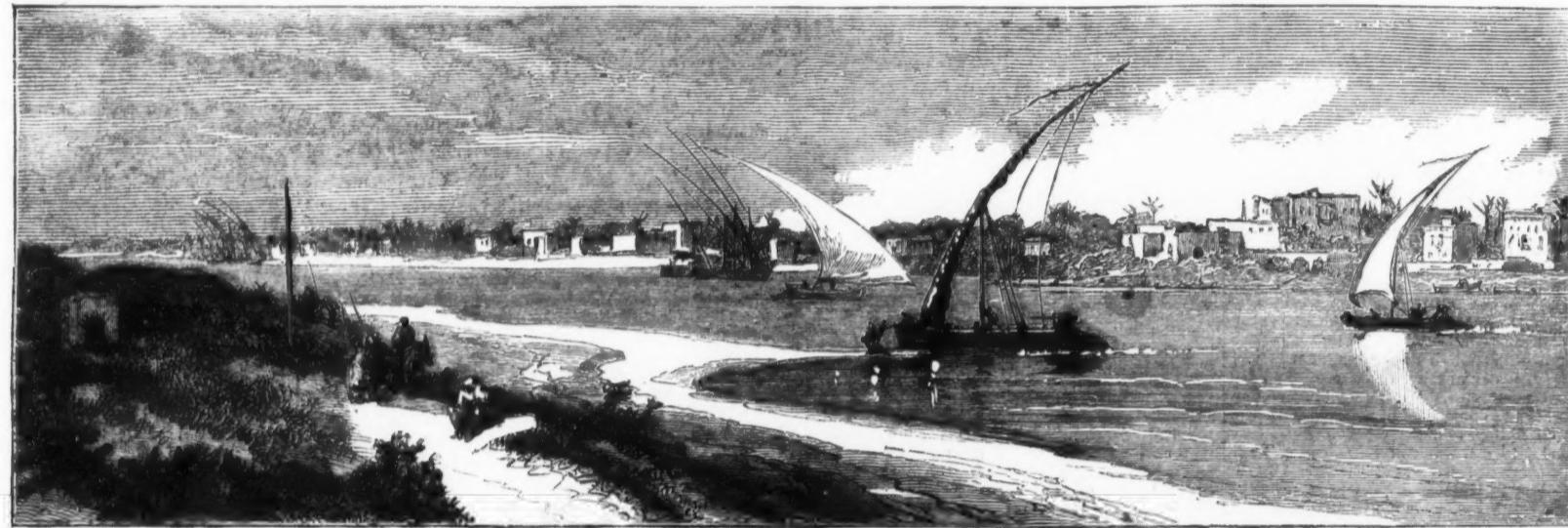
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 279.



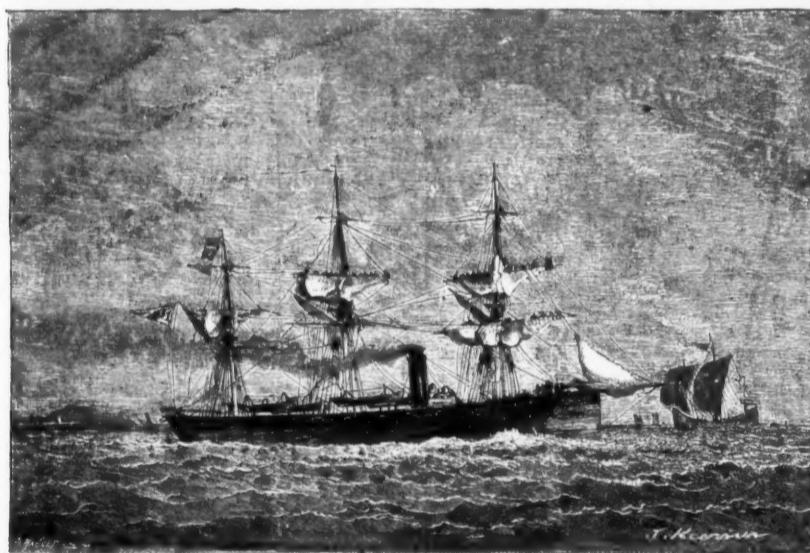
HICKS PASHA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF  
THE SUDAN EXPEDITION.

LIEUT.-COL. H. W. R. COETLOGON, COMMANDER OF  
THE GARRISON AT KHARTOUM.

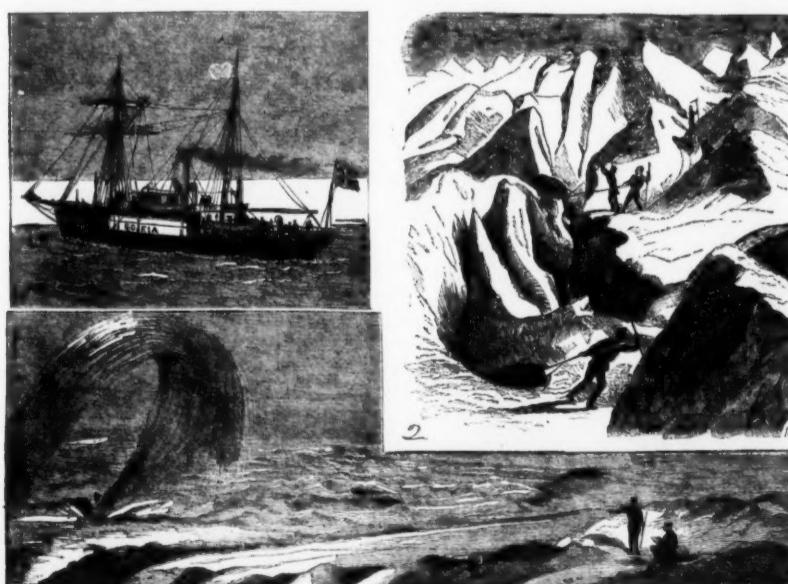
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE LATE LORD OVERSTONE,  
MILLIONAIRE MISER.



THE WAR IN THE SUDAN.—KHARTOUM, THE CAPITAL OF THE SUDAN, AT THE JUNCTION OF THE BLUE AND WHITE NILE.



THE CHINESE NAVY.—THE STEAM-CORVETTE "YANG-OU."



1. The *Sofia*. 2. Difficulties of the Expedition. 3. A Water spout through the Ice.

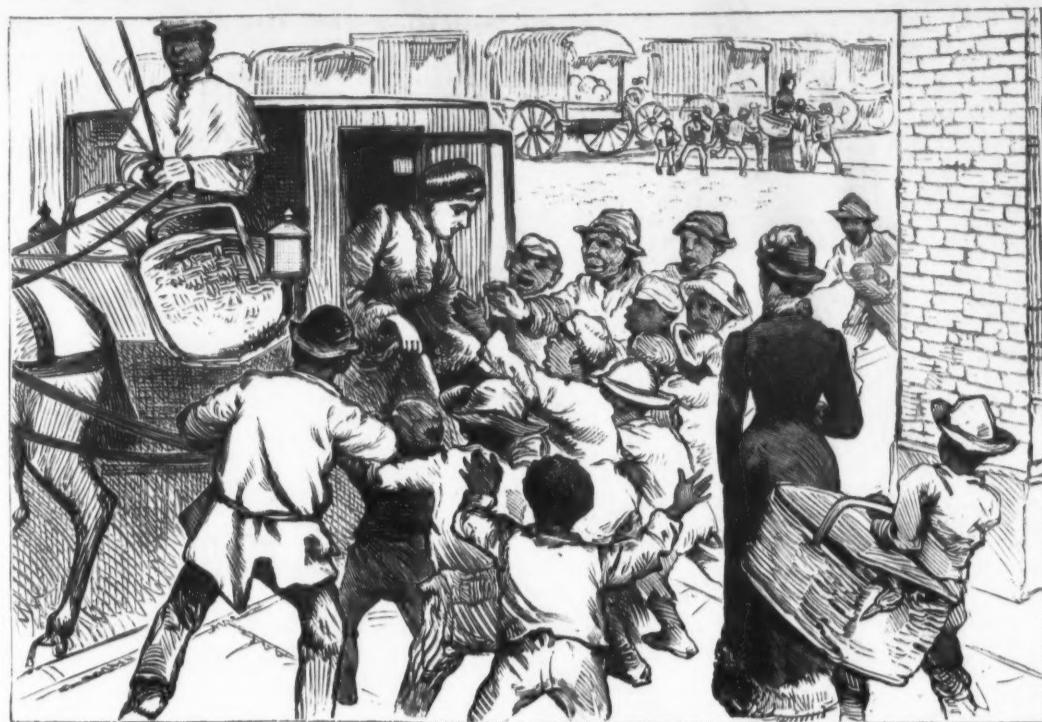
THE RECENT NORDENSEKJÖLD EXPEDITION TO GREENLAND.



CHINA.—THE JESUITS, IN CHINESE COSTUME, CELEBRATING THE MASS IN SHANGHAI.



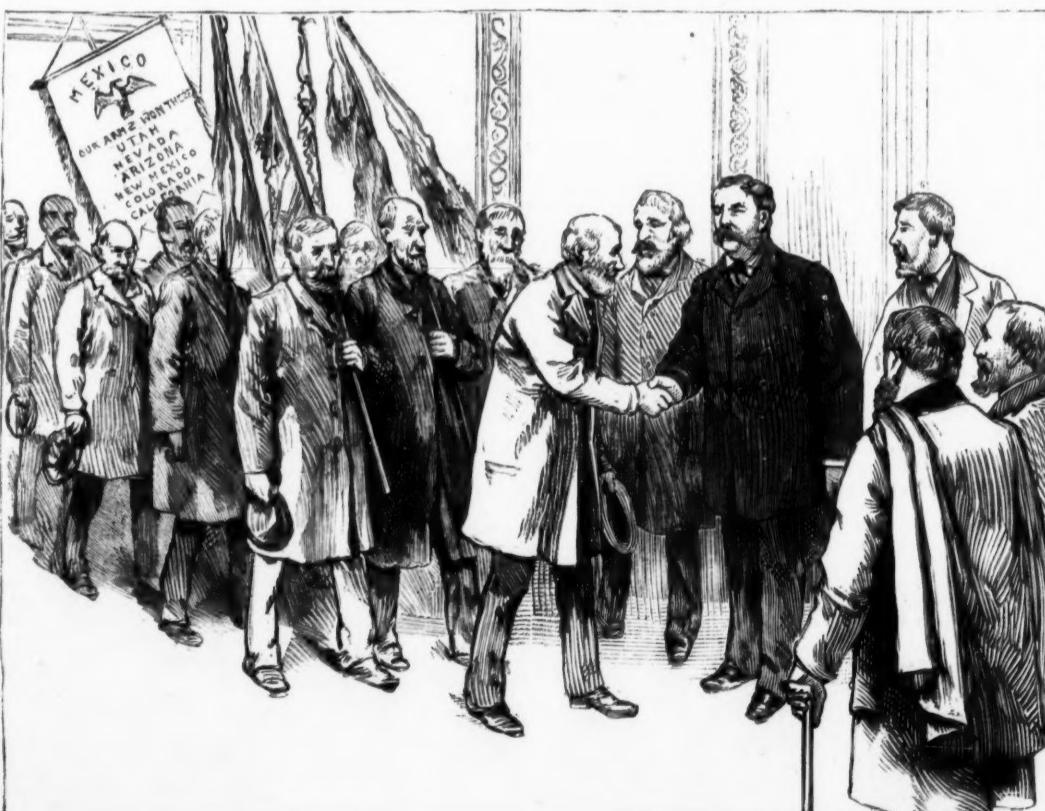
THE ARTIST'S ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL.



WASHINGTON LADIES MARKETING.



AN OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT AT CENTRE MARKET.



RECEPTION OF MEXICAN WAR VETERANS BY THE PRESIDENT.



THE HEAD OF A MILITARY PROCESSION.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLES IN WASHINGTON.—No. 1: FIRST IMPRESSIONS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 283.

## "ADESTE FIDELES."

JASPER VARICK was dead, and success had killed him! Everybody said so—even John. Society is so very particular about the company it keeps that it will not handle genius with a pair of tongs unless the world has stamped it with the trade-mark of success—and society cannot be too careful with its tongs!

What right has unrecognized genius to impose its brains on society when society gets along so comfortably without any of its own? And how dare it—merely because its unknown talents possess the paltry merit of being God endowed—how dare it fling them like blue diamonds from the gutters of obscurity into the august face of that gospel of society that decrees that man's gifts are infinitely less than nothing unless man himself succeeds! And there had been such a good, wide ditch between success and Jasper Varick, that the world, not being as young as it was, had failed to bridge it, and so society had let him alone—let him severely alone, with his cogs that wouldn't fit and cranks that wouldn't turn, with levers that were human in their malice, and pistons nothing less than impure in theirs—left him so inhumanly alone, that when at last fortune knocked at his door where the wolf had stood so many years, the smiles of his new friend proved more cruelly fatal than the fangs of his life long neighbor; and so the first thing the world knew, Jasper Varick, the inventor, was dead, and everybody said his success had killed him—even John!

John said considerably more than that—said it to Lesbia, up in the big, shadowy organ loft of St. Michael's while they waited for the Christmas Anthem to begin. The anthem was waiting for Bobby Bunnell, and whoever Bobby Bunnell was waiting for had made him so ruinously extravagant with his own time, not counting other people's, for Bobby never did—that Herr Blum, being only mortal, and a hungry one at that, broke off in the middle of the "Credo" with a handful of impatient chords, and announced to the shivering choir about him, that tenor or no tenor, the "Adeste Fideles" must begin!

It was quite time it had ended, for the stained-glass saints had been blurred by the snowy twilight into giant splashes of uncertain gray, and the sanctuary lamp that swung before the altar in the shadowy waste below was beginning to assert itself in a vivid gleam of red.

Everybody knows St. Michael's—St. Michael's, whose granite walls are gray with age, green with vines, and clamorous with sparrows! St. Michael's, with its dusky magnificence of architecture and religious art, its triple altars, its bronze saints, its milk-white Virgin crowned with jeweled stars! Society brings its heirs to the sculptured font of St. Michael's to renounce the devil and all his pomps; trails its bridal robes up to the gracious white majesty of its altar, and is laid before it at last in that evil hour when the groom is Death and the best man is called Decay.

People creep in and out of the bronze portals every hour in the day, bringing with them worldly echoes of cautious steps and smothered coughs as they prostrate their sins before the confessional, or make the pilgrimage of that frescoed Passion of the Christ that made of the infidel who painted it an humble follower of the outraged Master by the very force of his own genius as it glowed upon him from the dusky walls. And everybody who knew St. Michael's knew pretty Lesbia Dunham and her John—knew all, and more too, if only they chose to tell it, about Mr. Bobby Bunnell—and wondered how the whole affair would end.

Lesbia wondered as much, sometimes; but plenty of people go through life under a Damoclean sword, who die, at last, of old age—and dear John was such a Gibraltar of patient love and truthfulness that she risked the toughness of that single hair and flirted worse than ever!

It was not the first time the rehearsals of St. Michael's had been forced to wait the pleasure of the erratic Bobby, but Herr Blum settled it with himself, in some very terrible German, that this Christmas Eve should be the last, and when the words had ended in growls, and the growls had rumbled off to join the other echoes in the high black arches above, the old organist raised his hands over the bank of keys, pounced down upon them like a musical hawk—and lo! the glorious harmonies that pealed exultingly through the big desolate church, and out into the snowy world beyond, crept even into John's heart as he stood there among the shadows, while Lesbia sang the hymn.

Sang it so mechanically for Lesbia, that Herr Blum shook his gray mane at the *triumphantes*, grumbled an undertone of disapproval through the "angelorum," and at the next word whirled his fingers from the keys, and motioned them to her to stop.

"It is the rejoicing of angels, this 'Adeste Fideles,'" he cried, in his gusty, broken English, "and you sing him so and so!" and Herr Blum swayed his wrathful arm after the fashion of pump-handles. "What is the matter of you this time that the voice is not friends mit the heart, *mein Lüb?*"

The choir could have told him in two words that the matter was Bobby Bunnell.

As for Lesbia—she might have been Galatea, except for her clothes.

Her rigid submissiveness so startled Herr Blum with its novelty, that, for once, he corked up the vial of his wrath and laid an explanatory finger on her arm as she stood there with listless, downcast eyes beside the organ.

"It is as if a leaden weight were around the heart of you," and there was a streak of tenderness in his gruff tones as he said it; for the organist of St. Michael's had a good big heart of his own somewhere about him, only it was like a sweet chestnut—hid under

a good deal of burr. "And this 'Adeste Fideles,' it is one hymn that must fly so high up as the little bird of the lark in springtime—see me!" he went on, wheeling his stool around till he squared himself under her gaze, "do I look that I was an angel to the eye of you, mein Liebes Kind?"

As well as she could judge, in the wintry twilight, Galatea could not assert with any degree of truth that he did.

"Himmel, no! I have live so long that the sins of me stick to my soul like the mire of the boots, and my conscience it is shrunk just so little as that leaf the frost he pinches—and I play music of the Mass, of the Vesper, of the Tenebrae, and my heart is so full of the Mozart and Handel that I am as much as forget the God, and the prayers of the altar they fall on my soul like the grain on the rocks of the Bible. But see—when the Christmas comes, and I play this 'Adeste Fideles,' all the wickedness of me it peels off like the varnish, and my heart grows so soft and tender till I feel like some shepherds who found that little pink Christ in the straw—and that is the way you will please to sing Him, *Liebes Kind!*"

If Mr. Varick held that choice position on fortune's rôle he bore his honors entirely too weekly, for he only smiled in a dubious fashion and slowly shook his head.

"My uncle," he said, briefly, "did not leave me a cent."

Lesbia could bear other people's losses philosophically enough, but John's losses were her losses.

"Wait a minute," he interrupted, hastily, while she was thinking out a sentence forcible enough to express the state of her feelings towards the deceased. "A man has a right to do what he pleases with his own, and if Jasper Varick chose to will his money to a stranger he never saw in his life, I don't think you ought to mind it if I do!"

It sounded so like a gentle suggestion that she would attend to her own affairs, that Lesbia shrugged her shoulders and pouched out her mouth—it was Herr Blum's method of expressing indifference—and she often copied Herr Blum.

"My own luck good and bad has always been doled out to me in such dribs and drabs," she remarked, tranquilly, that I don't think I could muster up sufficient nobleness to stand either the gain or loss of a big fortune at one dab. Who gets your uncle's?"

"Thirty thousand dollars of it," explained John, in a business-like fashion, "goes to one Lesbia Dunham."

He was so little given to jests of that idiotic sort that her heart gave one big nervous jerk, and her eyes flared up like torches.

"It is to be considered a very stupendous joke, of course," with a mournful dignity that implied she would no more take John's joke than she would take John's pocketbook.

"It is scarcely a matter to trifle with," he said, bluntly. "The will is probated; you can see for yourself that I am only telling the truth."

It was such a startling truth that it reeled her against the doorway—at least it would have reeled her against the doorway except for John's outstretched arms.

"But I never saw Jasper Varick in all my born days!" she gasped, with her wide, dazed eyes staring in John's kindly ones.

"There's nothing extraordinary in that, my dear; he never saw you either."

"Then why in the world did he—people don't do things like that outside of novels, you know?"

And then John laughed in his cheery way and patted her on the shoulder. "Jasper Varick was just the sort people put into novels, my dear—"

"But he must have had a reason of some kind, or a condition, or—something," she interrupted him, in a gust of amazement. "Leave that door knob alone, John Varick, for I won't budge if I get snowed under, unless you tell me all about it quick!"

John stopped laughing then, but he went on cheerily for all that. "I think you must know I love you very dearly, my—"

"Oh, bother!" she cried, impatiently. "What has that got to do with Jasper Varick's money?"

"Nothing," said John, resignedly, "except that it is given you on condition you refuse to be my wife."

"Well, did I ever—but I've already promised!"

"That is all right, my dear. It was arranged that I should not insist upon it, and I won't."

"You say that as if you could put up with my loss very comfortably," she observed, with a dust of resentment in her voice. "It is to be hoped you don't think your liberty cheap for the money!"

"What a vile-tempered young person you can be when you try right hard!" asserted Mr. John Varick, calmly. "My dear Lesbia, it simply amounts to this: You love that Bunnell scamp, and you intended to marry me because you had promised and did not like to—"

The sword had fallen!

"Why don't you tell the truth and say I am marrying you for your money?" she blazed out, with burning cheeks and eyes that glowed like stars.

"Because that isn't exactly what I mean," he blazed back. "I said what I meant to begin with, and you have been repenting ever since you met that boy; so Jasper and I talked it over, and I let him convince me that I was a fool, and there's no fool like an old fool, my dear, so—"

"I rather think there was a pair of fools between you! However, John, if you are tired of your bargain, and I'm sure I don't blame you, for I get so enormously tired of myself sometimes—"

"But I am not—you know I am not!" he insisted, with an eagerness that rather disconcerted the heiress of the late Mr. Varick. "And as old as I am, if I were still a rich man—"

"Well, and are you not?" she demanded, in a voice that had a whirlpool of wonder in it. "Where's your money gone?"

"Houses will burn and bonds go down, my dear; it's one of the ways of the world."

She was feeling so grateful to him in advance for all the good things his wealth would give her, that she quite forgot she had invited Bobby to hang the Christmas greens. Perhaps he suspected it, for he hesitated, and then shook his head.

"No, not to night," he said, in his slow, kindly fashion—he was monotonously good-tempered, the girl often thought—"but there is something I would like to say, my dear, if you don't mind standing here a bit."

She knew it—a lecture as sure as her name was Lesbia Dunham!

"It is about my uncle's will."

The sword that threatened such dreadful things still kept its distance, and Lesbia breathed again!

"To be sure," she cried, with a gay little nod, "and Herr Blum interrupted us with the anthem, but, of course, he left you all his money—you are certainly the luckiest fellow, John!"

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"Houses will burn and bonds go down, my dear; it's one of the ways of the world."

"And a topsy-turvy world it is this blessed Christmas Eve! So you are penniless—oh, you poor, dear John!"

Lesbia was fond of rushing to extremes, and penniless sounded thrilling.

"Bless me, no—not so bad as that!" he answered, cheerfully. "And now, my dear, I'm off; I do hope, with all my heart, the money will make you happy, and—"

And then poor, dear John opened the door for the heiress, closed it again, and raising his umbrella, started down the snowy street.

The late Captain Dunham, of the Navy, had been a traveler in his day, and the parlor he left behind him showed for it. There were some Japanese screens, crooked as the ways of sin, and a pair of bony heathen gods squatting on the mantel. There was an island of rug, in the centre of the faded carpet, that came from Smyrna, and the whole room was littered up with gimeracks that came from dear knows where. For the rest, Lesbia had sugar-coated their poverty by patching the chairs with lace, and the carpets with crewel ottomans that were good for most anything except to look at or use; tucked long, ready cat-tails in the picture-cards, and set out enough china, that was china, to assert the Dunham claim to great grandmothers whose tea sets had been smuggled from across the seas; and there, with her back to it all, stood Lesbia herself, with her hands on the mantel, and her head on her hands, and her eyes staring down at the fire that glowed back at her from its little basket grate.

"Well, and don't you think it high time you made a remark of some sort?" wailed her mother, from the depth of her red stuffed rocker—the rocker before the fire. "What an exasperating girl you are, Lesbia! What makes you look so white and disagreeable, and why do you stand there, with your damp clothes steaming like a tea-kettle—and where's John?"

"You are like the young woman who wanted the history of the world in five minutes," responded her daughter dutifully. "Say, mamma," turning eagerly on the round, fat, whitish little woman, who looked for all the world like a round, fat, whitish little meal-dab. "John has lost his money—what do you think of that?"

"My dear, if you would remember, I am only a bundle of nerves! Lost his money—don't look at me in that mulish way, Lesbia, don't do it—how could John lose his money?"

"He did not rush into details; he has simply lost his money—isn't that enough?"

It was more than enough. Mrs. Dunham was one of those gentle Shylocks who consider a bargain a bargain, and God bless the lucky one! No money, no Lesbia—love was not mentioned in the bond.

Summer's hedge, but a small boy with a wheezy voice like that!

"Why, it's Tommy—Tommy Tadgers!" cried Lesbia, as she deliberately knelt down in the snow and stared with rueful dismay at the bellows-boy of St. Michael.

"I tell yer vot it is," said Mr. Tommy Tadgers, desperately, as he submitted to one of those ministering taps on the head that women bestows on man in his hour of need, "I've got ter light out o' this—quick. Could yer flop up and give a chap a lift?"

*Could she!* Lesbia jumped up and leaned over the small boy like that good Samaritan one reads about but very seldom sees.

"Now, then, Tommy, give me your hand."

"Histe me!" commanded the small boy, imperatively; "run yer hands under my arms an' histe me slow."

"Then histe it is," said Lesbia, cheerily, and then she laughed out like a boy as she caught hold of Tommy Tadgers and had to let him drop again.

"I say," he gasped, as the fall set his poor body quivering with pain, "don't dump a chap like that all the same as cabbage. Now, then, at 'im agin; one, two—ouch!"

"It's no use, Tommy," she wailed, helplessly. "If you won't give me your hand I'll have to ring a door bell."

The boy turned a panic stricken face up to hers, and his big, scared eyes looked like the big, scared eyes of some vagrant dog when he hears the pound master's wagon.

"No yer don't, then!" he whimpered, in a wheezier voice than ever; "here, them's torpedoes, don't spill 'em; and that's a passel o' candies fur Meg, an' there's my hand. Now, then, one, two, three—gimme crickets!"

The good Samaritan opened her fur lined cloak and tucked the small boy under its dainty warmth, while he sobbed and shivered with his pain; and as they stood there, a tall, battered figure rushed towards them in the blinding snow halted near them and sang out:

"I'm chasing a boy who stole some toys; have you seen him pass this way?"

The bellows-boy of St. Michael's butted his head vigorously under Lesbia's cloak, and kicked her feet with his sturdy, copper-toed shoes.

"No," she answered, quietly, and the tall figure trotted on. Perhaps there was a righteous purpose in her mind as she uncovered her cloak, uncrossed the boy's arms, and unbuttoned the collar of his jacket—a purpose to take Tommy Tadgers's morals in hand then and there; to shame him into restitution, to lecture him into that straight and narrow path that leads away from sin! A boy who would commence with torpedoes would end with—and then the good Samaritan's virtue degenerated into wonder of a most amazing kind, for, of all things under the sun for a small, wheezy-voiced bellows boy to risk his soul for—

"It's fur Meg," said the small boy, doggedly. There was less of shame in that defiant face than a fear that he might be robbed in turn, and so, without one word, she handed his plunder back, and, in pity for the something that crimsoned his face as she did so, she gently took his guilty hand and led him limping home.

It was not far. The wide street turned into a narrow one, the narrow one ended in a court, and at the very darkest, dingiest house in all that dark and dingy row, Tommy Tadgers stopped, tried to say something and failed, tried again, and then, untwisting the fingers that covered his own, laid between them a single coin of yellow, gleaming gold.

"It's a gold fish," he said, in tones more wheezy than virtuous, "it's mighty dag gone dark in that choir, but 'pears ter me I would o' smelled it if it had o' been my tin—you tell your boss business is business, an' I'll call around for my half o' dollar early in the morning;" and with that he tumbled into the house.

His morals, indeed! Even good Samaritans are liable to lose their heads. Lesbia went in after him!

Went in and found Tommy Tadgers kneeling by a flabby pallet, with his stolen treasure paraded aloft in his hand.

"Wake up, Meg," he called out, in his shrill, wheezy treble. "Just see what I've brung yer, dressed up as fine as fiddles, with long-tailed hair and a silk frock on! You said glass-alley eyes, an' I got 'em! Oh, hang it, Meg—an' she opens an' shets her eyes like the one you dreams about—can't ye hear?"

Hear him!—never again in this world! She lay there so still and white and smiling, that Lesbia fell on her knees beside the boy, and took him in her arms.

"Oh, Tommy, can't you understand?" she cried. "God has given Meg a crown for a Christmas gift!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes," said Lesbia—said it to John—up in the big shadowy organ-loft of St. Michael's, while they waited for the Christmas anthem to begin, "Bobby Bunnell does all very well to be young with, but I made up my mind last night that if I were a poor, draggled woman, with a dead child on the bed and a sick one in my arms, I wouldn't want him hanging around. So, if you really don't mind, John—really and truly do not mind—I would take it as a great favor if you would keep on liking me just the same as ever; and you see this piece of holly, John?"

No, John saw nothing but Lesbia's beaming eye, and he said so.

"I think a good deal of this holly," she went on, confidentially. "You would never guess—but last night when I was coming from Tommy's, there was a man plodding ahead of me with a big shabby basket on his arm. He wasn't much to look at, for his hair was gray and his beard was shaggy, and he had big brown wrinkles in his forehead, and little brown wrinkles in his cheeks. And such a basket it was, choked up with green things that smelled like celery, and brown straddled

things that were turkey-legs, sure as sure; but it all looked nice together; so when this sprig of holly fell out of the man's basket I picked it up, because—he made me think of you!"

And then Herr Blum pounced down on the keys like a musical hawk, and lo! the glorious harmonies that pealed exultantly through the big glowing church, and out into the snowy world beyond, crept even into John's heart as he stood there among the shadows, while Lesbia sang the hymn.

#### LADY BOUNTIFUL.

At Christmastide white winged Hope is in almost every breast—hope for a message, hope for a greeting, hope for a gift. It is a season when the most generous impulses of our nature assert themselves and hearts blossom that all the remainder of the year are dry and saffron and hopeless. Hope glides into dismal alleys as into gilded avenues. The heart of the half-starved child in a garret beats high as that of the pampered poem in lace of the palatial nursery. Christmas is at hand. To the wail it brings joy in the form of food; to the tenderly cared, joy in the form of playthings. Our illustration shows Hope being realized through the medium of a Lady Bountiful. This generous-hearted woman reminded by the season that joy should be fit red through darkness and despair, arrives in her carriage, laden with comforts for the sick and desolated family living in the miserable hovel. The two little emaciated waifs acknowledge Christmas in her presence, and feel its benignant power in their now happy souls. Christmas! Yes, the very word is symbolic of glad tidings of great joy.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Hicks Pasha.

Colonel Hicks, who, early last month, lost his life in the disaster to the expeditionary force which he led in the Soudan, commenced his career in the Bomba Fusiliers, and served in Bengal in 1857-59 as staff-officer to the Punjaub movable column. He also served in the Rohilkund campaign, and subsequently took part in the subjugation of Oude. He next served under Lord Clyde, and commanded the right wing of the First Belooch Battalion, was attached to Brigadier Horstford's brigade, previously to and on the passage of the Rapti into Nepal, at the defeat of the enemy at Sikh Ghant, and capture of the r' gun. He was next employed on the staff till the outbreak of the Abyssinian War, during which he held the post of Brigade major, retiring, after Magdala, to Poonah, where he served on the staff of the then Commander-in-Chief, Lord Mark Kerr, an old personal friend of the deceased officer. Three or four years later he retired on his colonel's allowance, and, after traveling abroad for a while and spending some time in London, settled down at Brighton. When the expedition to suppress the rebellion in the Soudan was organized last Spring, he was placed in practical command, being created a Pasha and Chief of the Staff. He led the force through the desert and shared its fortunes until he fell in the battle near Obeid. The deceased officer was about fifty-five years of age, and leaves a widow and four children.

##### A MILLIONAIRE Miser.

Amid all the talk of late years about millionaires, and the comparisons of the fortunes of well-known British plutocrats, which have appeared from time to time in the press, there has just passed over to the majority a man whose enormous wealth has never been the subject of remark. This is all the more singular as the individual in question happened to be peer of the realm. Lord Overstone, a great miser, died in London two or three weeks since, aged eighty-eight, and is reported to have left a fortune of about £200,000 (\$100,000,000) behind him.

His name was Samuel Jones Lloyd, and he was raised to the peerage for the great services he rendered to Sir Robert Peel in framing the Bank Charter Act, and in establishing the general financial policy of the country on a firmer basis than was before the case. He never took any very active part in politics beyond favoring the reform of the Poor Laws. He was born in 1796, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College. He was the founder and the head of the large banking house of Jones Lloyd & Co., of Lothbury, London, in which business, as also by his business in Manchester, he became a very rich man. Ultimately his bank was merged into the London and Westminster Bank. He was so penurious in his habits that for the past thirty years he had lived on the interest of his interest. Lord Overstone had a reputation for great financial shrewdness, and it is said that not a few Chancellors of the Exchequer have sought his advice in secret conferences when they got into a muddle with their budgets. The deceased lord's daughter is to get £6,000,000 for her dot.

##### The Chinese Corvette "Yang-ou."

This "crack" vessel of the Chinese Navy was launched at Fou-Tcheou in 1872. Her length is fifty-eight meters, breadth eleven meters, and depth seven meters. She is 1,608 tons burden with a 1,250 horse-power engine, and is capable of making thirteen knots an hour. The corvette is armed with twelve Whitworth guns, her crew numbering 200 men. She is the most powerful vessel that the arsenal of Fou-Tcheou has turned out of late years, and one of the test ships in the Chinese Navy. The same ship-yard is about to launch an ironclad of 2,150 tons, and with engines of 2,400 horse-power. This latter vessel has been built from keel to topmast entirely by Chinese shipwrights working under the directions of a Chinese engineer, educated at the French School of Naval Architecture at Cherbourg. The shipwrights learned their craft at the schools founded in China by M. Giquel.

**Nordenskjold's Greenland Expedition.**

Last Summer Baron Nordenskjöld conducted an expedition to Greenland to verify a theory he had propounded, based on the study of glaciers, that in Greenland they were formed on the coast, and that the interior of the country was comparatively free from ice and snow, and justified the name it has borne from ancient times. He sailed from Gothenburg on the 22d of May in the little steamer *Asa* of 160 tons, and on the 1st of July reached Avi-Istvikfjord in Greenland. He had already in 1870 made explorations from this point, ascending a glacier that disengaged there. On his way up the frozen river he found lakes and streams, on one of which he found a curious spout, the waters of a stream which was lost for a time under the ice, bursting forth in a grand jet at an opening it had found or made. In 1870 his explorations lasted seventeen days, and sketches were made by Dr. Berggren, whom we here follow. At this point Nordenskjöld sent on two Laplanders whom he had brought, and who advanced two days further on snow-shoes, but returned reporting that they could not see or reach the head of the glacier.

##### Jesuits in China.

The Jesuits have been laboring in China since 1581, and though their missions ceased at the suppression of the Order in the last century, they restored them in 1842. Besides the Jesuits, the Dominicans, Franciscans, and Priests of Foreign Missions, have special districts allotted to them by the authorities of the Catholic Church, and there is a missionary college at Naples where young men

are trained in the language and customs of China for this field. On entering China they adopt the Chinese dress, and restrict themselves to the food and surroundings of their flock. In this way they move about with less danger of being recognized. In the early period the Jesuits held important positions at court as heads of the great schools of astronomy, mathematics, gunnery, etc., and they adopted the Mandarin language, publishing religious works in that dialect for the Chinese Catholics. After the great persecution they lost all high positions, and labored among the middle and lower classes, and now employ the dialect of the part of China where they live. As the vestments in use in other parts of the world would be too notably different from the Chinese dress, the missionaries in China are permitted to use especial vestments more in harmony with national ideas, and the Mass and other sacred rites as performed in the Flower Kingdom are thus peculiarly interesting.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"OUIDA" denies that she has been converted to Catholicism.

SALVINI announces his intention of making an American tour next year.

BOYER-BAZELAIS, the leader of the Haytian insurrection, is dead, having poison himself after being wounded.

THE wife of ex Senator Windom is in Paris until after the holidays, when she returns to her residence at Washington.

THE Rev. Dr. Wilson, curate of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ont., has been dismissed for taking part in the Salvation Army meetings.

THE Queen has made Alfred Tennyson, the poet-laureate of England, a baron. It is reported that the poet's title will be Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt of Aldworth.

SALMI MORSE, of "Passion Play" notoriety, has accepted an offer to lecture in the larger cities of the country on "Facts in Defense of the Gospel," under direction of the American Literary Management. He is to receive \$10,000 for one hundred nights.

PROFESSOR SYLVESTER, of Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, has been elected Savilian Professor of Mathematics at the University of Oxford, England. It is understood that he accepts the appointment, and will henceforth be enrolled as a Professor Emeritus on the staff of Johns Hopkins.

MR. HUBERT HENKOMER, the artist, proposes to build a whole house with his own hands, assisted by his father, without even the help of a bricklayer. The interior of the house where he now lives is remarkable for the hand-carving of the decorations, which is entirely by his own and his friend's hands.

MISS NELLIE ARTHUR, daughter of the President and the daughters of Chief Justice Waite, District Commissioner West, General Cord and others, are actively interested in a Christmas Club, which has been organized for the purpose of giving Christmas presents to poor children in Washington. The society has already a very large membership.

MR. CARL SCHUMZ has retired from the New York Evening Post in consequence of serious differences of opinion between himself and his associates concerning the treatment of the labor and other questions in the editorial columns. Mr. Schumz especially objected to the action of his associates in espousing the cause of the Western Union Telegraph Company against the striking operators last Summer.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Dr. J. Marion Sims, recently deceased, was nineteen years old when he was graduated from South Carolina College. Your account (vide page 221, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, November 24th,) makes him seventeen at date of graduation. It is a slight mistake and naught is involved, but I make the correction that my favorite may be beyond doubt."

MONSIGNOR SAVARESE, Doctor of Civil and Canon Law, and until recently the Pope's domestic prelate, has left the Roman Catholic Church. On the 9th instant he was received into the communion of the Episcopal Church by Dr. Nevin, in St. Paul's American Church at Rome, on his confession of the Nicene Creed and his abjuration of the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility.

MRS. LANGTRY will close her season in this country on the 28th of June next in San Francisco. From there she will go to Australia. She will open in Melbourne on the 6th of August, 1884, and will play there four weeks. Then at Sydney and Alexandra two weeks each. After that she will appear in Calcutta, Bombay, Suez and other places. Then she expects to go to London, and from there to Paris and other French cities.

ANNA DICKINSON denies the statement that she has signed a contract with the Knights of Labor for a series of speeches. She states she has received propositions for work from the Knights and from various other sources, among them more than one offer to continue upon the stage, but what she will probably do in the immediate future is to deliver a speech touching upon matters now being widely discussed relating to Church and State.

MR. JOHN W. GARRETT has been elected President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for the twenty-seventh consecutive term. When he entered upon his office the length of the roads under control of the company was but 514 miles, and their cost \$32,000,000. Now the properties owned and controlled by the Baltimore and Ohio Company aggregate 1,995 miles and cost more than \$134,000,000. The revenues of the company last year were nearly \$20,000,000.

MESSRS. MOODY and SANKEY are hard at work trying to convert London. They have secured two large iron buildings, which can be taken to pieces and transported from one part of London to another. Each of these buildings will hold 5,000 persons. They do not hold services in both at a time, but preach in one while the other is being erected in another district—"One down, 'other come on" style. The meetings have been highly successful. The clergy of the Established Church have this time shown far greater appreciation of the movement than before.

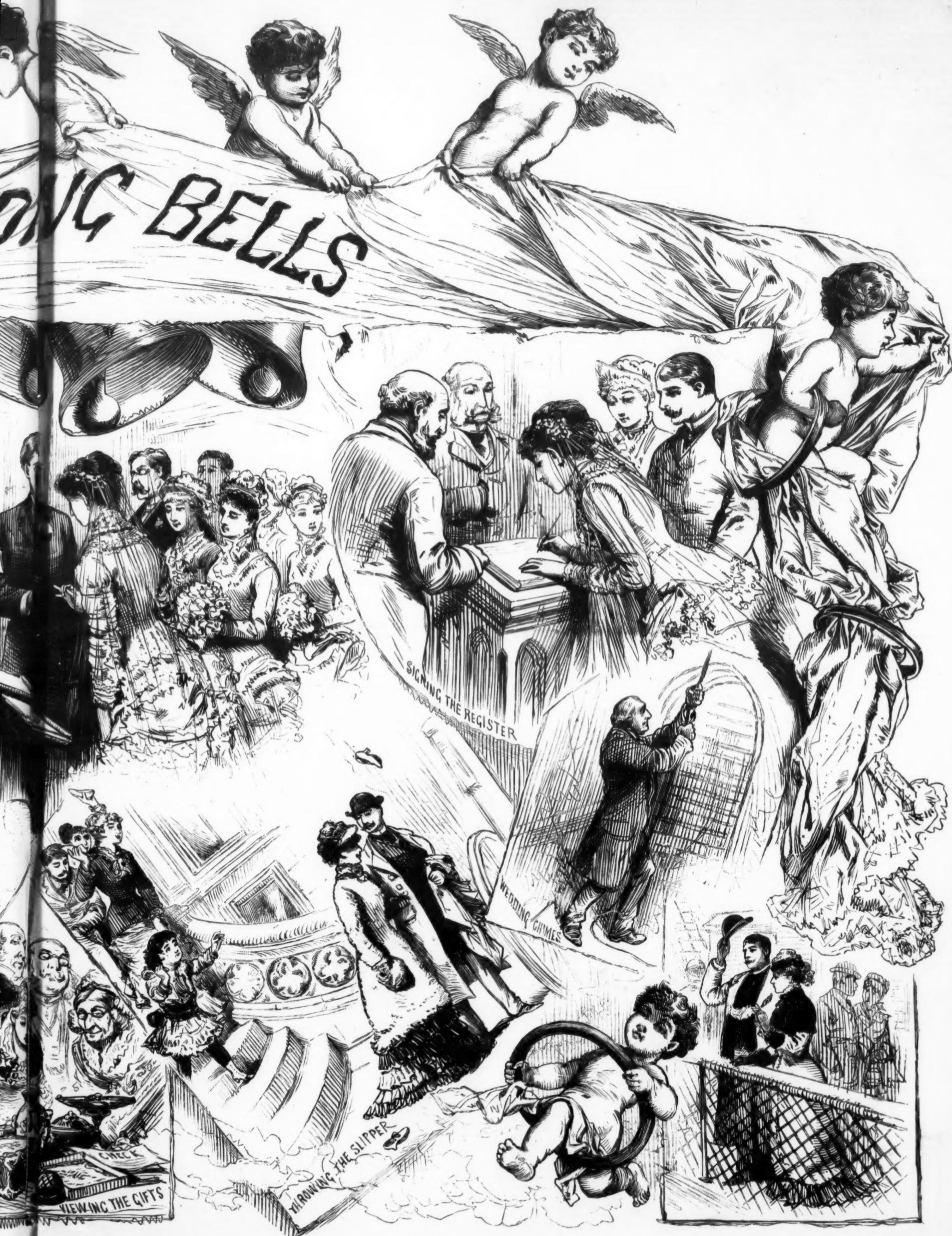
IT is rumored that the claimant to the estates of the present Sir H. A. J. Tichborne will soon be liberated from durance vile. "Sir Roger," as thousands still call him and believe him to be, will find many of his old friends dead and gone; but on this that those remaining will make an effort to take care of the notorious convict. According to one rumor, a snug little public-house in London is to be taken for "Sir Roger," and no doubt if he were installed in one he would be extensively patronized by curiosities-mongers. His friends, however, deny the rumor.

A BANQUET was given at the American Legation in Paris to Señor Valera, the new Spanish Minister to the United States, before his departure for this country. Miss Foster, in toasting Señor Valera, said: "My distinguished predecessors, Washington Irving, Prescott, Ticknor, Longfellow, and many other American authors, have made Spanish literature, history and poetry as familiar as household words with my fellow countrymen. They will rejoice, therefore, at knowing and honoring an author who has done so much to adorn and enrich Spanish literature. I trust that Señor Valera will find in America subjects worthy of his pen."

At the banquet given to Mr. Parnell in Dublin on the 11th instant, he was presented with a check for £38,000 as a national tribute. The address accompanying the tribute was inclosed in an imperial quarto album, with richly carved bog oak covers, studded with silver, wrought bog oak tracery, and other appropriate ornament. The illuminations of the album include pictures of the Avondale mansion, Mr. Parnell's family arms, family miniatures (painted), and the borders of the illuminated pages are inscribed in the style of the best Irish manuscript. The album is inclosed in a richly wrought oxidized silver casket of elaborate workmanship.



"Honest wedlock is like a banqueting-house built in a garden, on which the  
WEDDING BELLS."



"...will the Spring flowers take delight to cast their modest odors."—MIDDLETON.  
BELLS.—SEE PAGE 283.

## THE BATTLE-FLAG AT SHENANDOAH.

THE tented field wore a wrinkled frown,  
And the emptied church from the hill looked  
down  
On the emptied road and the emptied town  
That Summer Sunday morning.

And here was the blue, and there was the gray;  
And a wide green valley rolled away  
Between where the battling armies lay  
That sacred Sunday morning.

Young Custer sat, with impatient will,  
His restless steed, 'mid his troopers still,  
As he watched with glass from the oak-set hills  
That silent Sunday morning.

Then fast he began to chafe and fret:  
There's a battle-flag on bayonet  
Too close to my own true soldiers set  
For peace this Sunday morning!

"Ride over, some one," he haughtily said,  
"And bring it to me! Why, in bars blood red  
And in stars I will strain it, and overhead  
Will flaunt it this Sunday morning!"

Then a West-born lad, pale-faced and slim,  
Rode out, and doffing his cap to him,  
Swept down, as swift as the swallows swim,  
That anxious Sunday morning.

Oh! never rode man in this world so well  
From hill of heaven to valley of hell.  
And foemen and friends, as in a spell,  
Stood still that Sunday morning.

On, on through the valley, up, up, anywhere,  
That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air  
Kept on till he climbed to the banner there  
That bravest Sunday morning!

And he caught up the flag, and around his waist  
He wound it tight, and he turned in haste,  
And swift its perilous route retraced  
That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed!  
Ah, boy, and banner, and all, God-speed!  
God's pity for you in your day of need  
This deadly Sunday morning!

Oh, deadly shot! and oh, shower of lead!  
Oh, iron rain on the brave, bare head!  
Why, even the leaves from the trees fall dead  
This dreadful Sunday morning!

But he gains the oaks! Men cheer in their might!  
Brave Custer is weeping in his delight!  
Why, he is embracing the boy outright  
This glorious Sunday morning!

But, soft! Not a word has the pale boy said.  
He unwinds the flag. It is starr'd strip'd, red  
With his best heart's blood: And he falls down dead  
In God's still Sunday morning.

So; wrap his flag to his soldier's breast;  
Into Stars and Stripes it is stained and blest;  
And under the oaks let him rest and rest  
In God's own Sunday morning.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

NEW YORK, December 10th, 1883.

## FOR A SONG'S SAKE.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED).

THE day following that of the little event I have just described, Herbert paid a dutiful visit to his father. It happened very fortunately that at the elder Montague was, for him, in quite good humor. Besides being rather better in health, he had met, the previous evening, a distinguished academician who had congratulated him upon his son's rare talents, and said he was sure that some day he would do really fine work. The old gentleman approved of his son's plans for going abroad. As he had gone in for art, the only thing was for him to try and make a name in it. So he not only gave Herbert a sort of parting blessing, but, what was far more to the point, wrote him a check for a hundred pounds, and some of this hundred pounds was expended by Mrs. Bloomfield, who had been taken into confidence, in purchasing a humble *trousseau* for the bride.

Men say that long engagements are dangerous. We know they are tedious; still it is possible to have too little of a good thing as it is to have too much of it. Courtship is a dainty dish, to which justice should be done. If you were ever really in love, how long the nights that parted you must have seemed! How you must have longed for the light, and for the face you loved more than light. If you were a business man, was it not sweet to take your secret with you into the city. As you thought of some one some few miles from you, and recalled the color of her hair and eyes, the voice, and all the countless sweet ways grown so dear to you, did not everything about you shine in a great wonderful new light?

Our friends, then, did not have as long a courtship as I, for one, should like them to have enjoyed. The days of the London Studio came to an end, and I think, though they did not say so, that they both felt a little sad when they came back, the last Sunday, from their country ramble.

The new life to which we are going may hold for us delights of which the one we leave knew nothing; still, if the past have treated us at all well, do we not say good-bye to it with some tenderness and regret? I should mistrust the man who did not.

The very next day then following that last Sunday ramble, they walked out in the bright September day, and straight into a church, out of which Mabel came, Mabel Varese no longer. They passed the day at R chmond. It was rather like a dream to them both, I dare-say. Then, in the evening, as husband and wife, they came back to the old studio. Two days after found them on board the boat for Rotterdam.

I have no intention of accompanying these young people across the water. Their life for the next four years was doubtless full of interest to themselves, but scarcely so to us. In the course of that time Herbert sent three pictures to the Royal Academy. Two were accepted and well hung, and the third found a home in one of our well-known picture galleries.

In the first year after their marriage a little boy came to them, and for six months it was given to Mabel to know the joys of motherhood. For six months she had a baby to love, to cherish, with her bosom and her lips. To trace in his features a likeness to his father was her great delight. She was quite sure he would be a great painter. Perhaps he might have been, but at this period of speculation a cold which he had taken ended all dreams of the future by causing his death. For some time the poor mother was quite broken-hearted. Montague did not feel it so acutely, his love and his art quite filling his life. Which loved he more—his wife or his art? It would be difficult to say. Her beauty was as fresh to him as ever. He never tired of painting and praising it. He was for ever playing with her hair, so temptingly dark.

"No; really, dear," she would cry out, "you mustn't any more. This is the third time to-day you've done my poor hair in some extraordinary new way."

"Must I, really, Mab?" he would answer, looking at her with a look she loved so well to see.

"Of course you may," she would answer then, showering her long hair all down again as she spoke. "Don't you know, my love, my king, I would give my soul to accomplish your least wish."

Yes, he did know it, and loved her perhaps better because she so well loved him.

One dreary November afternoon, they returned from Munich to the old house in Museum Street. In the evening Montague had to meet a man in town on business. Poor Mabel was depressed as she sat alone that night, and yet she knew not why. One of Tim's descendants lay before the fire, there stood the familiar lay-figure. All was homely, as of old, but the presence of her dead father seemed to be with her in the room—it seemed to her as if her cold, dead baby lay on her breast. At length came the quick, well-known, well-loved step up the stairs, and with a puff of smoke, and a cheery "Well! little one!" Herbert came in. He was in excellent spirits, so glad, he said, to be back once more in the dear old city.

The only other person besides Mrs. Bloomfield to whom Montague intrusted the secret of his marriage was his friend Blackmore, whom he knew to be a safe man, and being also a man of a somewhat tender heart, Herbert thought a knowledge of the fact would make a commission from him more certain. It was a day of profound excitement to the Montagues when the great man appeared.

"Mrs. Montague, I presume?" he exclaimed, shaking that lady very warmly by the hand. "I recognize you at once. Our friend here follows the old masters in reproducing one face a great number of times, and upon my soul, I don't think, in the present case, he could do better."

"So he thinks himself," put in the painter, who, while really very nervous, strove to assume an indifferent manner.

Mr. Blackmore was delighted with nearly everything he saw, and the upshot of it was that he gave a handsome commission for an important picture, on which Herbert was very shortly to begin.

No more domestic husband than Montague could be found in all London. When the day's work was over, he and his wife would walk to one of the restaurants before mentioned, where they would have dinner. After which they would return home to a long fireside evening, he lounging in front of the fire, she reading aloud (Herbert was one of those men who dearly loved being read aloud to), and from time to time filling his pipe, which he had grown quite too lazy to do. Occasionally they would dine humbly at home, on chops, and go to the pit of some theatre. His friends wondered what had come to him. Of course sometimes he had to offer himself on the shrine of friendship. A Bohemian, living in Bohemia, he had, now and then, to pass an evening with his countrymen. From these expeditions he never returned till daybreak, and, faithful to her old habit, Mabel never went to bed without leaving a little letter of good-night on the table. How changed they were, how sweetly changed from those first letters of hers. Forgive us, dear Heart, if we look over your husband's shoulder, as he stands by the fire, in this dreary Winter daybreak.

"My Darling," ran her little epistle, "how lonely I am without you this evening. I know you are obliged to go. It makes me proud to feel that you would always rather stay with me, but if you were to go out a great deal I shouldn't really mind it, as long as I thought that you loved me. I have been reading a little of Longfellow, but I was too restless to read much. It is now just ten—you have been gone two hours, and, oh! what an age it seems! I think no woman ever did love a man as I love you, my savior, my husband. I wish our little baby had lived, that when you were away from me I might have seen something of you in him. I am sure I shall not sleep much. I shall come in and look after the fire, for you will be dreadfully cold, coming home in the Winter morning, as I know you will. Do you know how wholly I am yours, for to do just as you will? Good-night, or, I suppose I might more fitly say, good-morning."

"He puts the letter away with others of a nature equally effusive.

All through that Winter, and the early part of the Spring, Herbert worked hard at his picture of which, of course, Mabel was the central figure. Ah! me, but she was proud to think that out of all his pictures her face looked.

"I think, if my pictures live, Mab," he used to say "men will know what sort of a face somebody had!"

They were sitting in the studio, one April

evening, when the postman's knock was heard. The letters he brought did, in the course of time, find their way to the people for whom they were intended, but they were first allowed to wait some time at the foot of the banisters, so that if any lodger greatly desired to save the legs of Betsey an extra journey, he might have the opportunity of putting a wish so charitable into execution. Mabel was always postman for the studio, so she ran down-stairs, and returned with a letter.

"A card of invitation, I suppose," said Herbert, as he opened it. "Oh! yes—it is! Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, at Home, Thursday evening, the 28th of April, and Thursday evenings afterwards through May and June." Here's a line from Jackson himself. He says:

"MY DEAR MONTAGUE—I know you have given up all the world and all the ways thereof, but I shall be really hurt if you don't make an exception in favor of your old friend, B. J."

"What a bore!" and the young man threw the card on the table. "I suppose, as Jackson makes such a point of it, I shall have to go. I'll be a man, and go to this first one and get it over. A fortnight from to-day, that will be. You can kiss me, if you like, Mab, and then go on reading."

The two weeks passed off very quickly, and brought the 28th.

"Shall you be late home?" asked Mabel, as she stood fastening a flower on his coat.

"You may be sure I shall get away just as soon as I can."

"Now, really, you must be off," she said, "or it will be absurd your going at all!"

"Must I, Mab?" he rejoined, in that tone of voice, and with that look which she always felt as a caress. "I've a good mind to throw off this coat, light up a pipe, and not go."

"No, dear, go, and get it over."

But still he lingered a little; he was specially fond of her that night. At length he took his final kiss, and ran down-stairs, humming as he went, an air out of one of his favorite operas.

I wonder if that handsome cab that took our friend to Tavistock Square had deposited him in the gutter instead of at Mr. Jackson's house, thereby fracturing some of his bones, and causing him to keep to his bed for a month or two, whether it would really have made any difference in the long-run. Have you not seen an escaping thief run from the arms of one policeman straight into the arms of another? We may dodge Fate down one street—she gets us round the next corner.

## CHAPTER V.—MRS. FLORENCE HEATHER.

IT was so long since Montague had taken any part in society that the once familiar sound of many people talking all together struck on his ear quite strangely as he stood in the hall taking off his coat. How once he used to like this kind of thing, he thought, as he went up the staircase which he had not trodden for four years. In the doorway of her crowded reception room he was greeted by his hostess.

"Here you are at last. I began to think we should never see you again. I hope you have been working hard. I thought your last picture excellent—I did indeed."

"I'm sure you're very good to think anything about it at all," he replied, with that air of almost insolent indifference which he cannot help assuming under the scourge of that lady's intolerable praise. "Hullo! Godfrey!" he goes on, catching sight of a much younger brother artist. "what an age it is since we met."

In society we must all have our *rôles*; some of us choose badly, while others are more happy in their selection. Mr. Godfrey, who was not a brilliant young man, assumed the rôle of enthusiast; he gushed on every conceivable occasion; metaphorically speaking, he was always sitting at some one's feet, in which position he was often found in the way. When he spoke, it was with a jerk, nay, as it were, a spasm of excitement in his voice, responded to by a sympathetic contortion of his person.

Montague was one of the men whom Mr. Godfrey honored by his homage.

"Is the fault mine?" he replied, lifting up hands and eyes. "I'm still in the old place. I used to think each ring at the bell might have been you. Whenever the postman came I hoped he might be bringing me a letter from you—but no!"

"We must see more of each other," rejoined Montague. "There are a lot of people here to-night."

"Have you been here long?" asked the other.

"No; I've only just come."

"Then you have not seen Mrs. Heather, yet?"

"No; I have not had that pleasure. Who may Mrs. Heather be?"

"It would be impossible for me to describe her."

"Oh, I'm sure you could," said Montague, with a smile, as, perceiving his young friend was meditating a gush, he made haste to pass onward.

"Oh! Montague!" cried another friend, arresting his progress, "haven't seen you this long while. Isn't she worth coming some way to see?"

"Who is worth coming some way to see?"

"Who? Whom should I mean, but Mrs. Heather?"

Here they parted, and after shaking the hands of some dozen or so ladies, Montague came upon a complete swarm of Bohemian friends.

"Why, it's never Montague!" cried one.

"Montague in the flesh!"

"No; it's his ghost!" said another; while a third ejaculated: "Turn him out!"

"Yes, but not till we've had his opinion of Mrs. Heather," put in a fourth.

"Can all of you fellows talk of nothing else to a poor devil who hasn't set foot in these rooms for more than four years? I give you good notice that if you mention her name again I shall go at you as a bull does at a red

dag. What is this lady, and why has she so turned your heads?"

"By Jove! The fascinating widow hasn't turned my head. I don't like her looks!"

"Don't like them?" exclaimed one of the group, while the central figure of the party replied: "Who the deuce, man, ever supposed you would?"

"Did you ever, in the whole course of your life, even by chance, stumble into admiration of the right thing? Why, if anything is just perfect of its kind, it's enough to set your vile old back up. It strikes me you were designed by Providence as a safety-valve. We can't let our feelings off sufficiently. Then we find you, and, in abusing you, we really find vent for some of our superfluous praise."

At this moment a hand touched Montague on the arm, and the voice of his host said: "I want to introduce you to Mrs. Heather. She is an admirer of yours."

In another moment the introduction had been performed.

He saw before him a lady of some two and thirty years, perhaps; she was just over the average height; her figure was exquisitely shaped, perfect in every ripe outline. Her face was rather pale. In repose it wore an expression of almost divine placidity, but when she was interested no face was half so animated. The large, luminous eyes, which looked as if they might draw your soul from you, were more of a violet than any other color.

A great quantity of purely golden hair waved round her delicately shaped head like the nimbus that artists paint round the heads of their saints. Indeed, if you regarded only the upper part of her face, you felt, almost, that she must be a saint—you wanted to fall on your knees before her, and there to offer your prayers, and make your confessions.

If you looked lower, at the red ardent mouth, at the superb neck, and the wonderful figure, at the large, lovely white strong arms, in whose ample clasp it seemed that only a demigod should lie, you still wanted to fall down and worship, still wanted to offer your prayers and make your confessions, only the character of them would have undergone a change.

Her voice—I have heard lower voices—had in it none of that sweetness which cloys you; it was free from all languor; it was rather a clear and vital voice, with something in it that suggested blown spring water shining in the sun.

"It is such a pleasure to meet you at last, Mr. Montague," she said. "I quite began to think it was a pleasure I should never have, but I perceive now that all things come to the woman that waits, as well as to the man."

He could only say that he was very proud, if anything he had ever done caused her to take any interest in him.

"Won't you have this seat? you look tired," he said.

So she sat and he stood by her.

"Do you know," he continued, "I hadn't been in the room ten minutes when I was asked by as many persons if I had been introduced to you?"

"Really?" she replied, as if she was tired of compliments, and wished to avert any more.

Her complete indifference somewhat discomposed him. He was wondering what remark he should hazard next, when Mrs. Heather herself recommended conversation.

not to feel pain, to sleep for ever and ever. She has scarcely any strength left, but with what she has she seems to be turning feebly lifeward for his sake, and to hold his hand a little longer; but you see so unmistakably that it is only for his sake. The contrast between his wild and unavailing despair, and her mild pity for him, and complete acquiescence in her fate, is so marvelously shown. The window of the room is open, and through it you can see great stretches of smooth, green lawn, and trees waving in the bright May afternoon. It is just, you know, one of those dear days that we do get sometimes in May, made up of warm winds and brilliant sunshine. Seen from that sick-room, what callous sunshine it seems, what an indifferent wind that is bearing down all the branches of the trees! You know Nature to be unconscious, but you fancy, if she could feel, she wouldn't care two of her roses for all the trouble that is going on in her midst. I scarcely know of any picture which brings home to one so the indifference of Nature to our pains. I do hope you will see it before long!"

While Mrs. Heather had been speaking, a strange and very beautiful look had come into her eyes. It was the look of one who has seen through life and beyond death, and whose soul has possessed the after mystery. Her voice, too, had thrilled with a tone which corresponded to the look of her eyes.

"Thank you," said Herbert. "Do you know I think you are rather a dangerous advocate?"

"Why?"

"Because, after such a description, any picture must to some extent disappoint."

Just then Mr. Jackson brought up a new candidate for introduction, and Montague prepared to move away. Then she said, quite simply, as if she had known him some time:

"Will you come and see me at 12 Brook Street? I'm at home every Monday."

"I shall be an early visitor," he replied, as he fell back with a smile. He was at once accosted by Mr. Pinlak, as bland and meek a bard as ever perpetrated a sonnet.

"Anything on the stocks?" asked Herbert.

"A little volume," replied the bard. "Indeed, I may say a very little one, but containing, I hope, some of my very best work."

"I hope so," said Montague. "You're a remarkable man, Pinlak."

"Indeed, you make me very proud."

"Yes; but I mean remarkable as a man, as well as a poet. You're the first fellow to night who has not mentioned Mrs. Heather to me."

"Mrs. Florence Heather, please," returned the poet, in a deeply grieved tone of voice. "There are so very many persons of that name in her late husband's family, that, to prevent the least confusion arising for a moment between her and them, we always say, most emphatically, Mrs. Florence Heather."

"You know her, then?"

"I have the great happiness to be numbered among her few intimate friends."

"Lucky fellow!" responded the other. "The rooms get hot don't they?" and he passed on.

Nearly all the ladies in those rooms were of the pre-Raphaelite faith, but there were a few exceptions, and these, as it were, demonstrated the facts—some appearing in the most perfectly fashionable toilets, others in high-up stuff dresses, from under the skirts of which protruded heavy, thick-soled boots.

(To be continued.)

#### AN ARTIST'S RAMBLES IN WASHINGTON.

THE season at Washington having commenced to boom, I was seized with an ardent, if not a patriotic, desire to behold the capital at its level best. The glowing pictures painted by one or two ex-Congressmen of my acquaintance of the brilliancy, the dazzle, the "go" in the city of magnificent distances were of a nature to set my imagination on the qui vive, and a dark, rainy morning found me sloping into the depot after having taken a hungry "eyeful" of the magnificent dome of the Capitol, towering in silent grandeur through the drizzle over the still slumbering "hive of men."

I had scarcely ventured my nasal organ outside the door of the station, when I was assailed by a host of negro boys, all black eyes and white teeth, limp and damp, who, with acrobatic gestures and voices shriller than penny whistles, vociferously and acrobatically insisted upon carrying my satchel. At first I imagined that this ebony regiment meant a "razzia" on my shoes, which, to do the porter of the sleeping-car the fullest justice, was execrably dull and notably innocent of shine; but, seeing that the dark host was but a band of amateur yet honest brigands, I fought my way through them and gained the street.

And what a wide street, and how exquisitely paved and cared for, not like—but I will say never a word against Gotham. Some day! The red-bricked sidewalks, with a coquettish frill or edging of granite, got me in a twinkling, and it was with a feeling of what was due to these sidewalks that I had an extra polish laid on my shoes by a colored gentleman, whose mouth literally extended from ear to ear, like that of the late lamented minstrel, Mr. Backus. Strolling past the Centre Market—whatever city I honor with my presence, the market is ever a source of attraction to me, it is ever so full of color—I was somewhat astonished to find elegantly equipped vehicles worthy of Rotten Bow, or the Bois de Boulogne, or the Prater, or Unter den Linden, dashing up to the principal entrances, the coachmen in the orthodox half-moon collars and pickle-jars, while ladies attired in the ripest fashion descended to be assailed by another regiment of small boys of various colors, who clamored for the happy and pecuniary privilege of bearing home the choice little cuts to be selected by the fair and fashionable housewife on marketing bent. Ah me! it was refreshing to see this all womanly and wifely and motherly practice, and I stood enjoying the sight despite the rude basket-buffets administered to me by the eager and excited market-boys.

Venturing close to the market, I was attracted to a group of open-air restaurants set upon the sidewalk, where "delicacies"—at least the *habitués* of the place consider them so—were administered to hungry applicants with a dexterity and rapidity bewildering to behold. These "restaurants" are but indifferently sheltered, and the accommodations are of the poorest; when I saw them, under a pouring rain, the proprietors stood in puddles of water, slender streams trickling down upon them from the canvas tops which were meant to protect the viands. But all were doing a lively trade, wholly unaffected by the aqueous interference of

Jupiter Pluvius. The surroundings were infinitely picturesque, but the mess—well, it was suited to those for whom it was provided.

Crossing a street, noble in its width, frozen satin in its asphalt, strains of brass music greeted mine ear, and the head of a military procession came slowly into sight. Here again the negro was conspicuous. Following this procession, I found it moving to the White House, and, entering in its train, was lucky in being "in hand" during the reception by the President of the Mexican War Veterans, who composed it. As I gazed on the bronzed visages of those doughy warriors, I thought of the wild charge up the rugged rocks at Chapultepec, and of the deadly field of Molino del Rey. The President, ever graceful, appeared at his best, and everybody seemed to enjoy the reunion. As for me, hunger speedily drove me to "mine inn." "Thus far," quoth I, as I discussed an oyster omelette and a glass of Gonzalez sherry—"thus far there is no fault to be found with the City of Magnificent Distances."

#### WEDDING BELLS.

THE lottery of marriage is ever open, the prizes being few, the blanks, alas, too many! Marriage is the bourse towards which all civilized peoples slowly but surely travel. Some delay by the wayside and come late to the wedding feast. Others rush to the goal at a breakneck pace, and find, to their dismay, that it would have been better to have made haste slowly. Some there are who never reach the ring at all. Those are the few, and, it may be added, the unhappy few. There is a charm about wedding bells as intangible as their sympathetic sounds. Magic is, perhaps, a better word. As they peal merrily out, the mind's-eye sees the blushing maiden uttering the fatal but all delicious Yes; the fond parent exclaiming, "Bless you, my children"; the purchase of the golden hoop; the anxious and perpetual shopping over a *trousseau* which would seem to be endless; the mad waggoner at the feast of the last night of bachelorthood, the eventful day, with its smiles and its tears, and its sunshine and its shadows; with its impressive ceremony, its grave clergyman, its blushing bride, its triumphant groom, its dainty bride-maids and well set up ushers. And then the mind's-eye beholds the *déjâneur* and the departure, the showers of rice and old slippers, the sobbing of tender-hearted women and the *éclats* of honest and enthusiastic gentlemen. Ring out, then, ye wedding bells, that this joyous and beauteous scene may be repeated again, and yet again, in colors that may never fade.

#### Deaths from Fright.

A WRITER in the London *Globe* says: "The distinction between fright and fear ought always to be born in mind. Fear can be mastered by an effort; fright has come and gone before the brain has had time to come to the conclusion that an effort is possible. There is no fear in human beings so strong as the fear of death, and yet there is no passion in the mind of man." says Bacon, truly enough, "so weak that it mates and masters the fear of death. Revenge triumphs over death; love slight it; honor aspireth to it; grief fleeth to it; fear occupieth it." Fright, which is the 'tenderest of passions,' led many to kill themselves from compassion for Otho's suicide. Even *tepidus vita*, mere weariness of doing the same thing over and over again, will lead a man to defy his inborn fear of death. But what passion can guard against fright?

"A Jew, according to Ludovicus Vives, once crossed a narrow plank over a torrent in the dark, and, visiting the place the next day, saw the extremity of his last night's risk, and died of—what? Not of fear, obviously, because there was nothing to be afraid of, but possibly of fright. So, again, persons have been known who always fainted at the scent of certain flowers, notably that of the May blossom; but it would be ridiculous to accuse them of being afraid of hawthorn.

"Surgeon-General Francis, of the Indian Medical Service, tells of a drummer who was suddenly aroused from his sleep by something crawling over his naked legs. He imagined that it was a cobra, and his friends, collected by the outcry, thought so too, and he was treated accordingly. Incantations such as are customary with the natives on these occasions, were resorted to, and the poor fellow was flagellated with twisted cloths on the arms and legs in view partly to arouse him, but principally to drive out the evil influence (spirit) that for the time being had taken possession of him. With the first dawn of light the cause of the fright was discovered in the shape of a harmless lizard, which was lying crushed and half killed by the side of the poor drummer; but it was too late. From the moment that he believed that a poisonous snake had bitten him he passed into an increasing collapse until he died. The drummer was not a strong lad, and the shock was too much for him.

"The most remarkable death from the accident of fright was that of the Dutch painter Penitman, in the seventeenth century. He was at work on a picture, in which were represented several death-heads, grinning skeletons, and other objects calculated to inspire the beholder with a contempt for the vanities and follies of the day. In order to do his work better he went to an anatomical room and used it for a studio. One sultry day, as he was drawing these melancholy relics of mortality with which he was surrounded, he fell off into a quiet sleep, from which he was suddenly aroused. Imagine his horror at beholding the skulls and bones dancing around him like mad, and the skeletons which hung from the ceiling, dashing themselves together. Panic-stricken, he rushed from the room and threw himself headlong from the window on to the pavement below. He sufficiently recovered to learn that the cause of his fear was a slight earthquake, but his nervous system had received so severe a shock that he died in a few days.

"Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by an accident of fear. He was one day sleeping in an arm-chair, when his wife, Louisa of Mecklenburg, who had for some time been hopelessly insane, escaped from her keeper and made her way to the King's private apartments. Breaking through a glass door she dabbled herself in blood, and, in a raging fit of delirium, cast herself upon the King. The latter, who was not aware of the hopelessness of her insanity, was so horrified at the appearance of woman clad only in linen and covered with blood that he imagined, with a superstition characteristic of the age, that it was the White Lady, whose ghost, according to a time-honored tradition, invariably appeared when death was around the house of Brandenburg. He was seized with a fever and died in six weeks.

"More ridiculous was the death of the French marshal De Montrevo, 'whose whole soul,' says St. Simon, 'was but ambition and lucre, without ever having been able to distinguish his right hand from his left, but concealing his universal ignorance with an audacity which favor, fashion and birth protected.' He was a very superstitious man, and one day a saltcellar was upset, at a public dinner, in his lap, and so frightened was he that he arose and announced that he was a dead man. He reached home and died in a few days, in 1716, literally scared to death by the absurd casualty of a saltcellar turning over.

#### The Cities of India.

THE London *Spectator* says: "The English are beginning in a vague way to realize the magnitude of India, and to comprehend that it contains some fifty millions more people than all Europe west of the Vistula. Few, however, are quite aware of the number of its cities, or be-

lieve that it includes sixty-two with more than 50,000 people, and twenty-two with more than 100,000, namely, Bombey, Calcutta, Madras, Hyderabad, Lucknow, Benares, Delhi, Patna, Agra, Bangalore, Umrur, Cawnpore, Lahore, Allahabad, Jeypur, Rangoon, Poona, Ahmedabad, Barcilly, Surat, Howra and Baroda. We give them in order of population, but, properly speaking, in the English way of counting, Howra, the Southwark of Calcutta, should be included in the capital, which with it contains above 866,000 souls, and is the greatest, as it is by far the wealthiest, city in the Empire. Below the limit of 50,000 the towns become much more numerous, and there are hundreds with populations above 20,000. The majority of the latter are quite unknown to Europeans, an active magistrate or two excepted; and, so far as we are aware, there is no book in English which gives the slightest account of their organization, or of the life and people in them. Yet many of them have histories of two thousand years, and in all flourish families which think themselves noble, and have long pedigrees, and stirring tales to narrate. We hear every now and then much of Indian Princes who in India are scarcely mentioned, and of 'educated natives,' a scarcely perceptible class, but of the true 'British India' as little is known at home as of the eastern provinces of Peru."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A NEW Kind of Cloth is being made in Lyons from the down of hens, ducks and geese. Seven hundred and fifty grains of feathers make one square metre of a light and very warm waterproof cloth which can be dyed in all shades.

A Recent French law makes revaccination incumbent upon every student received into the lycées and collèges. Since the experiment was made at the Lycée Louis le Grand not a single case of variola or varioloid has appeared.

Recently some valuable experiments in photographing the larynx and soft palate at the instant of singing have been made. A powerful electric light was thrown into the throat, the subject then sang a note, and the actual position of the vocal ligaments, uvula, etc., was photographed instantaneously.

A Driving-belt made for a Lawrence cotton-mill is a monster power transmitter. It is 229 feet in length, double, making 458 feet of leather three feet wide, or 1,374 square feet. When it is remembered that only about twelve square feet of the ordinary hide can be used in making belting, it may be calculated what a drove of cattle would be required to produce this one belt.

A Company has recently been incorporated in Paris, with capital of \$300,000, for the purpose of utilizing solar heat. The inventors on which they propose to develop consists of a huge reflector, shaped like an inverted umbrella, lined with a huge reflecting agent. In the centre is placed a standing boiler, made of heat-conducting material of the highest power, which receives reflected rays from all points sufficiently powerful to generate steam.

Bricks impregnated at a high temperature with asphalt are being successfully used in Berlin for street pavement. By driving out the air and water with heat, bricks will take up from fifteen to twenty per cent. of bitumen, and the porous, brittle material becomes durable and elastic under pressure. The bricks are then put endways on a beton bed and set with hot tar. It is said that the rough usage which the pavements made of these bricks will stand is astonishing.

The following is an illustration of what private enterprise may effect for the benefit of science. When the Swedish ship *Monark* was leaving Sweden last year for Australia, the second officer on board applied to the Zoological Museum at Upsala for the loan of a trawl and some vessels for preserving natural history objects. The results have been a collection of some 120 species of fish, fifty of insects, some birds, and about 100 varieties of the lower sea fauna of the Pacific, which have now arrived at Upsala.

Professor Elliot, of New York city, is conducting some interesting experiments to test the sensibility or insensibility of insects to pain. A dragon-fly was fastened to a board and its abdomen severed from the rest of its body. The latter was then fed to the insect by pieces of meat, which it ate with evident relish, the parts eaten off course dropping out of the severed end. Having eaten its own abdomen, it was served with six spiders and thirty flies, swallowing them all and losing them immediately, evidently suffering no pain.

The Smithsonian Institution has succeeded in obtaining a fine skeleton of the gigantic sea-cow—*Rhynchosaurus*, which will be the only specimen in the United States. The history of the animal is extremely remarkable. About one hundred years ago these animals lived in incredible numbers in the north, but Steller and latter explorers waged such a war against them that in thirty years after the discovery they became extinct. The animal was a marine manatee, of enormous size, attaining a length of thirty-five feet and a weight of several tons.

The Use of a Wood from Panama called *cocobolo* in the manufacturing interests in Bridgeport is attracting the attention of the Connecticut State Board of Health. The wood is cheap, takes a brilliant polish, is easily worked, and is used extensively for knife-handles and ornaments. Workers in the material are poisoned somewhat after the manner of sumach, although some are free from any defect. Swelling of the face, closing of the eyes, appearance of being burned on the hands, are the usual symptoms. Some are attacked with distress in the stomach and with loss of appetite.

#### Death-roll of the Week.

DECEMBER 8TH—At Wilmington, Del., Dr. C. W. Kirchner, a well-known physician, aged 56; in London, Baron Amphlett, formerly a Lord Justice, aged 72; in London, the Earl of Craven, largely interested in the ranch and cattle industry in Colorado, aged 42; in Ashland, Va., the Rev. George W. Nolly, a well-known Methodist minister of fifty years' standing, aged 80. December 9th—in Danbury, Conn., the Hon. Roger Avellan, ex-Lieutenant-governor, aged 74; in Hartford, Conn., Asa Spaulding Porter, one of the oldest citizens of Hartford, aged 74; in Boston, Mass., the Rev. J. O. Means, a widely known Congregational clergyman and Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; in Saltillo, Mexico, United States Consul Wadsworth; in Lancaster, Pa., Dr. Joseph Gibbons, a prominent member of the Society of Friends, and publisher of the *Friends' Journal* aged 65; in New York city, Joseph H. Ryland Jr., a son of the Rev. Dr. Ryland, rector of St. Mark's, aged 25. December 10th—in New Rochelle, N. Y., Benjamin Bedeau, Supervisor, aged 46. December 11th—in New York city, the Rev. Father William Henry Hoyt, pastor of St. Ann's Church; in New York city, Aaron Van Valkenburgh, a large real estate owner aged 66; in Rome, Italy, Giuseppe Mario, the famous operatic tenor, aged 75; in London, Richard Doyle, the well-known artist and former contributor to the *London Punch*, aged 57; in Hartford, Conn., Captain William Savage, the oldest steamboat man in Hartford aged 86. December 12th—in London Eng., Sir Charles Hulse, late Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. December 14th.—In Paris, Baron Louis Henri Martin, the famous French historian and politician, aged 73; in Paris, M. Pierre Richard de Laprade, the poet and author, aged 71. In Boston, Mass., Professor Jacob Frederick Krauss, a noted Oriental scholar, aged 63.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—PEACE between Bolivia and Chili has been declared.

—MANITOBA has received 45,105 immigrants this year.

—THE deficit in the Egyptian Budget for 1883 is £23,000,000.

—A COMMERCIAL treaty has been arranged between Canada and France.

—THE British Parliament has been further prorogued until February 4th.

—REPRESENTATIVE colored men of Virginia intend to investigate the Danville riot and announce their conclusions in an address.

—THE City Council of Kingston, Can., has passed a resolution giving women the right to vote at municipal elections.

—A COMMITTEE has been appointed in Chicago to solicit funds for the pedestal of the great Bartholdi statue of Liberty to be erected in New York.

—SECRETARY LINCOLN has decided that the scheme for reaching the North Pole by means of balloons is impracticable, and has notified Commander Cheyne of the British Navy.

—THE Pope has approved the proposal for the erection of a memorial church to Daniel O'Connell, at Cabirkeen, County Kerry, Ireland, and has promised a donation for the corner stone.

—A RECENT Parliamentary return shows that since the year 1850 sixteen baronetcies and thirty-four knighthoods have been conferred upon the physicians and surgeons of Great Britain and Ireland.

—THE New York State Commission appointed to investigate the condition of the public lands in the Adirondacks report that over 3,000,000 acres of forest there are owned by individuals and companies, and only 1,000,000 by the State.

—THE State Treasurer's report shows the debt of Pennsylvania to be \$19,718,752, of which \$19,543,700 bears interest at 3½, 4, 5 and 6 per cent. During the year the debt has been reduced \$506,300. The receipts have been \$6,775,430, and the disbursements \$6,708,690.

—SIXTY-SEVEN moonshiners have recently been convicted and sentenced in the United States Court at Covington, Ky. The greater part of them received the usual moonshiner's sentence—sixty days' imprisonment and a fine of \$100, which they work out at the rate of seventy-five cents a day.

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## THE SANDY HOOK PILOTS.

IT is an exciting moment on board an incoming steamer when first the pilot-boat is sighted—sometimes long before land itself is visible. Every one who has crossed the transatlantic ferry knows that it is a regulation amusement for passengers to make up pools on the number of the boat which is to furnish a pilot off Sandy Hook—said number being conspicuously painted on the sails of the jaunty little craft. These pilot-boats are stanch, swift-sailing schooners, generally of about two hundred tons burthen. They go out in every kind of storm and weather, sometimes a hundred miles beyond Sandy Hook, to meet incoming ships. Sometimes two of them race for the same vessel, the pilot who first sets foot on the gangway ladder being the winner of the "job." They are paid by the "trip,"

## THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

THE great disaster to the Egyptian Army near Suakin, on the 2d inst., following the annihilation of Captain Moncrieff's force in the same vicinity last month, shows how the fanaticism of the Bedouin tribes has been fired by the growing prestige of El Mahdi. These Bedouin Arabs, or hill-men, are independent of the army of the False Prophet, which is still concentrated near El Obeid, some seven hundred miles to the southwest. The hill-men having menaced the town of Suakin, Mahmoud Taper Pasha sent out a force of 8,000 negroes and Bash-Bazouks against them. These blacks were regarded as the flower of the Egyptian Army. At a halting-place in a wady, thirty miles from Suakin, the troops were suddenly attacked by a large force of Bedouins, armed with spears and

Khartoum. There are two routes from Suakin to Khartoum, one via Kassala, and the other via Berber. The latter, by which the ill-fated Hicks Pasha journeyed, is the best and the most used, there being a better supply of water on the road. The distance to Berber is 280 miles, and camel-caravans perform the journey inside of twenty days. Steamboats ply up and down the Nile between Berber and Khartoum. Suakin possesses nothing striking in the way of architecture, though the houses, for the most part, are large and solidly built. Large numbers of pilgrims yearly pass through the town, en route to Mecca. The population is fluctuating, varying from 5,000 to 8,000 at different seasons of the year.

Khartoum, now threatened by the Mahdi, and cut off from any immediate relief from Suakin, is the largest city of Northern Central Africa, containing a mixed population of 40,000. Situated at the

GEN. AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN,  
MAYOR-ELECT OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.

GENERAL AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN, who was, on the 11th instant, elected as Mayor of Boston on the Republican and Citizens' ticket by a majority of 1,457 over Hugh O'Brien, the Democratic candidate, represents the reform element in the community, and his success affords great satisfaction to those citizens who desire the introduction of cleanliness and competency in the municipal administration. He is a native of Maine, but has resided in Boston ever since he was seven years of age—a period of about forty-one years. He was educated in the public schools, attended Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, and completed his studies at a private school in Melrose. On attaining his majority he began his active business career as



HARDSHIPS AND PERILS OF A PILOT'S LIFE.—A SANDY HOOK PILOT BOARDING AN INCOMING OCEAN STEAMER.

their fees varying according to the size of the ship and her draught of water, so that a pilot sometimes receives two or three hundred dollars or less than half a day's service. But the life of a pilot is full of hardship, and danger as well. It is not a month since the pilot-boat *Columbia*, No. 8, was run down by the "greyhound" steamer *Alaska*, and her crew drowned. The accident appears to have been due to the steamer's failure to come to a full stop as the boat crossed her bows to put the pilot aboard. The Pilot Commissioners of the Port of New York have since adopted a rule requiring all steamships to come to a standstill before receiving the pilot. The adoption of this rule will effectually avert one of the most serious of the perils to which pilots are now exposed, and compliance with it should be insisted upon. Our illustration shows a pilot boarding an incoming steamer.

old muzzle-loading rifles. After a twenty minutes' fight, the Egyptians were utterly annihilated. All of the Bash-Bazouks were killed, the Bedouins crying to the negroes, "Join us, and kill the Christian dogs from Cairo!" Many of the blacks went over to the Arabs. The news of this new victory of the hordes of Islam will, of course, spread like wildfire, and the proposed line of defense between Berber and Suakin will be difficult to maintain. Suakin itself is seriously endangered, the garrison being now reduced to 1,000 men. This town is situated on a small island in the Red Sea, close to the mainland, in 19° N. latitude and 37° E. longitude. It is the only important seaport of the Soudan and the equatorial provinces of Egypt on the Red Sea. Suakin may be regarded as the base of the operations against the Mahdi, as troops and military stores are landed there and forwarded to

confluence of the Blue and the White Nile, it commands the water-courses to Central Africa. Khartoum is the seat of central authority of all that region between Berber and the equatorial lakes, with indefinite boundaries on the west and south. The post held by the Governor-general at Khartoum is second in authority and emoluments only to that of the Khedive himself.

The region now in rebellion extends from Asouan, at the first Nile cataract, to the Equator. This whole region, with the exception of Abyssinia, is a desert, the only cultivation being found along the river margins of the Nile system. The supplies grown are barely sufficient to sustain the population, while the Bedouins of the desert subsist upon a meagre diet of dates and camel's milk, with a little parched corn—a diet which would not keep Egyptian troops alive for a week.

salesman for a boot and shoe house, and he has been in that business for about twenty-six years, with the exception of the time he served as an artillery officer in the Union Army during the late war. He was commissioned as captain of the Third Massachusetts Battery in September, 1861, and in July, 1862, was assigned to duty as Chief of Artillery in the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps. Ten months later, when the artillery of the corps was organized into a brigade, he was placed in command. In all these positions the young officer distinguished himself. He had won high praise on a score of hard-fought battlefields before the three days' struggle at Gettysburg, and his action there only added additional proof of his fitness for the responsible position he held. In March, 1865, Captain Martin was commissioned by the War Department Brevet Colonel for "gallant and meritorious services during



MASSACHUSETTS.—GEN. AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN,  
MAYOR-ELECT OF BOSTON.  
FROM A PORTRAIT.

the war. He once commanded the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and is at present commander of the military Order of the Loyal Legion. He is now president of the New England Shoe and Leather Association, a director of the Howard National Bank, a director of the John Hancock Life Insurance Company, and vice-president of the Home Savings Bank. His close identity with the business and financial interests of the city affords a guarantee that he will prove a jealous guardian of the trust committed to his hands. General Martin is in national politics a Democrat, but he was among those opposing Butler in the State canvass.

#### THE INDIAN GROUP FOR LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

THE Indian group of the sculptor John J. Boyle, designed for Lincoln Park in Chicago, is in every respect a masterpiece. The group is entitled "The Alarm," and is molded in heroic proportions. A majestic specimen of Indian manhood is the centre figure, having apparently just risen to his feet. His long pipe is in his hand, and his bow and arrows lie on the ground. Across the man's chest are the folds of his buffalo robe, but the arms are bare, showing the swelling muscles, every line of the anatomy being graven with complete fidelity. The keen, wistful expression on the Indian's countenance cannot be misinterpreted. There is no sign of fear on the bronzed features. The searching glance in the direction of where a branch had been heard to rustle, perhaps, or the sound of an approaching footstep detected, means haughty curiosity, almost indignation, at the possibility of domestic privacy being intruded upon by a stranger.



ILLINOIS.—BOYLE'S INDIAN GROUP, "THE ALARM,"  
DESIGNED FOR LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

The remainder of the group shows how completely the Indian was enjoying the joys of repose amid his nearest and dearest. Half sitting, half kneeling by his side is a squaw in the act of lifting her tightly-strapped papoose from the ground. She is also looking in the same direction as her husband, a shade of anxiety, natural to a woman and a mother, being upon her face. The picturesque attire of the squaw and the bandages of the infant are embellished with all the pretty embroideries of quills, beads and feathers dear to the Indian heart, while the expression of contentment on the papoose's tiny visage provoked an involuntary smile.

In the group there is a fourth creature which fitly completes the dumb story. A wiry, fierce-looking wolf-hound has risen with his master and in his canine way expresses the same feelings. The hair of the dog is bristling and his teeth are just showing, and it looks as if it will fare ill with a stranger if the hound has a chance to spring at his throat. Such is the group—a composition of striking effect, which grows on the beholder the longer he gazes at it.

Our illustration is from a photo furnished by Bureau Brothers, of 811 and 813 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, the founders who made the bronze cast of the group. The bass-reliefs for the pedestal, also molded by Boyle, have been cast by the same firm, and are in thorough artistic sympathy. They measure four feet by two, and



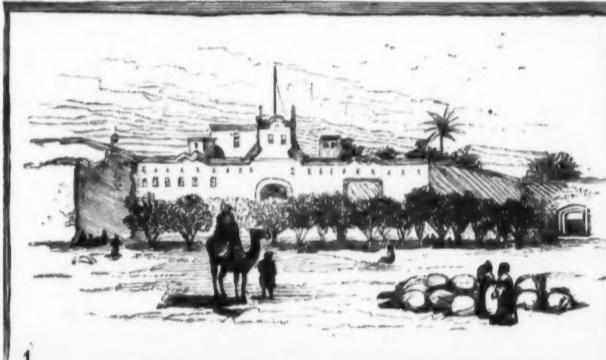
NEW YORK CITY.—HON. PETER B. OLNEY,  
THE NEW DISTRICT-ATTORNEY.  
PHOTO. BY MORA.

represent Indian scenes from life. The most striking is the picturesque corn dance peculiar to the Ottawas, in which the most minute details have been studied. The expression on the jubilant faces are as vivid as though they had been produced by photography. The three other bass-reliefs represent Indian domestic life, Indian justice, and Indian culture.

#### HON. PETER B. OLNEY, THE NEW DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK.

M R. WHEELER H. PECKHAM having been compelled by physical disability to resign the office of District-attorney of New York, to which he was only recently appointed, Governor Cleveland, on the 10th instant, tendered the office to Mr. Peter B. Olney, who had been named in connection with the position at the time of Mr. John McKeon's death, and it was accepted, the appointee entering upon his official duties on the following day. The appointment has given general satisfaction, and there is every reason to believe that Mr. Olney will prove an efficient, upright and fearless official. In a recent interview he said, as to his policy: "I have had no time since my appointment to lay out any definite plan of action, but I shall execute the law to my best ability. I shall not persecute anybody, but will endeavor to have a just, fair and proper administration of the office. I can safely say that no classes of criminals will have any ground for congratulation over my appointment."

Mr. Olney was born at Oxford, Mass., and is about forty-five years of age. He was graduated at Harvard University and studied law



1



3

1. The Place de la Mudirie, Khartoum. 2. A Corner of Hicks Pasha's Camp at Night. 3. Suakin, on the Red Sea, near which the Egyptian Forces were Defeated, December 2d.  
THE WAR IN THE SUDAN.—KHARTOUM AND SUAKIM, THE SCENES OF RECENT OPERATIONS.

in the office of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate. He has been a practicing lawyer for about eighteen years, and is associated in business with General Francis C. Barlow. He was formerly an active member of Tammany Hall, and was the Tammany nominee for District-attorney in 1875, but was defeated by Mr. Phelps, the Republican nominee. In 1872 Mr. O'ney was nominated for Alderman by the Committee of Seventy. Of late years he has been an active member of the Anti-Tammany Democracy, and he is now a leading member of the County Democracy. He has frequently been mentioned as a probable nominee for Supreme Court Justice on the Union Democratic ticket. He assisted in the movements against the Tweed Ring, and was associated with William C. Whitney and George Bliss in preparing a codification of the laws relating to the city.

## NEW BOOKS.

"TO LEeward," By F. MARION CRAWFORD. BOSTON: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1884.

Mr. Marion Crawford, who lately achieved instant popularity as the author of "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius," styles his latest tale, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, publish, "To Leeward," and it is not a nautical story either. The action of the story proceeds under Italian skies and surroundings with which the writer is evidently thoroughly familiar, and is depicted in the strong and vivid style so marked in the earlier works of Mr. Crawford. The tale is of love and of passion—"the old, old story"—and ends with a tragedy, but the plot is well-laid and wrought with a master hand. To the large circle of faithful seekers for the coming American novelist and the new school of American fiction, Mr. Crawford and his works will bring genuine encouragement. With filial and well-deserved respect, Mr. Crawford dedicates "To Leeward" to his uncle and mentor, the ancient and honorable "Sam Ward," known and loved by troops of friends in both continents.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. also publish in a handsome volume Mr. Edgar Fawcett's "An Ambitious Woman," a novel of New York society of the present day, which met general favor as a serial in the Sunday "Tribune" several months since. The literary style of the story is pleasing, and its purpose and motive pure, which is more than can be honestly said of much of the fiction of the day. Mr. Fawcett's skill and good workmanship appear to better advantage in his efforts to portray the suburban geography of New York, and in the lighter and graceful sketches of the latest phases of society of the day his success is distinct. Doubtless, Mr. Fawcett expects, as his friends expect for him, to do better work than "An Ambitious Woman," in which, however, are many sure indications justifying the hope and encouraging the expectations.

Miss Elizabeth S. Phelps' "Beyond the Gates," (Hough. Mifflin & Co.) has reached its twelfth thousand, and in the latest edition appears a touching dedication to the brother of the author, Professor Stuart Phelps, of South College, Northampton, Mass., whose sad and sudden death last summer is still fresh in mind. Despite the merit and the evident popularity of Miss Phelps's latest effort, it has a weird influence and most unsatisfying effect. The reader who pronounced it "an uncanny book" was not far wrong.

Among the choice holiday books of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are "Twenty Poems" from Longfellow, including the "Village Blacksmith," "Amalfi," "Bells of Lynn," and other well-known favorites, illustrated by beautiful engravings from paintings by Ernest W. Longfellow, the son of the poet, and the "English Bodley Family," another interesting collection of veracious chronicles by Horace E. Scudder, of the doings and sayings of one of the most widely-known and popular "families" ever invented.

## FUN.

SENSIBLE people always avoid theatres where "side-splitting" pieces are being played to "houses crowded to suffocation." Such amusement is too dangerous.

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MESSRS. HANNIGAN & BOUILLION, the successors at 245 Grand Street of the well-known firm of Waller & McSorley, are rapidly growing to the first place in the drygoods trade of the East Side. Their importations of fine dress fabrics are rich and extensive, while in costumes for ladies they have an ample range for choice, in both domestic and foreign goods. Dolmans and sacques of plush, velvet and other rich materials are included in their stock, while of the new and popular "Newmarkets" they have a great variety. That the new firm is meeting the popular demand is best proved by a visit to the three crowded floors of their large store on any of these fine December afternoons.

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"DR. TOBIAS: I have used on myself and in my family for years your Pulmonic Life Syrup. It has never failed to cure. I believe it is the best medicine for throat diseases ever sold. I am acquainted with the ingredients of which it is composed, and know them to be perfectly harmless.

"C. H. GALLAGHER, 995 De Kalb Ave."

"Brooklyn, April 21, 1883."

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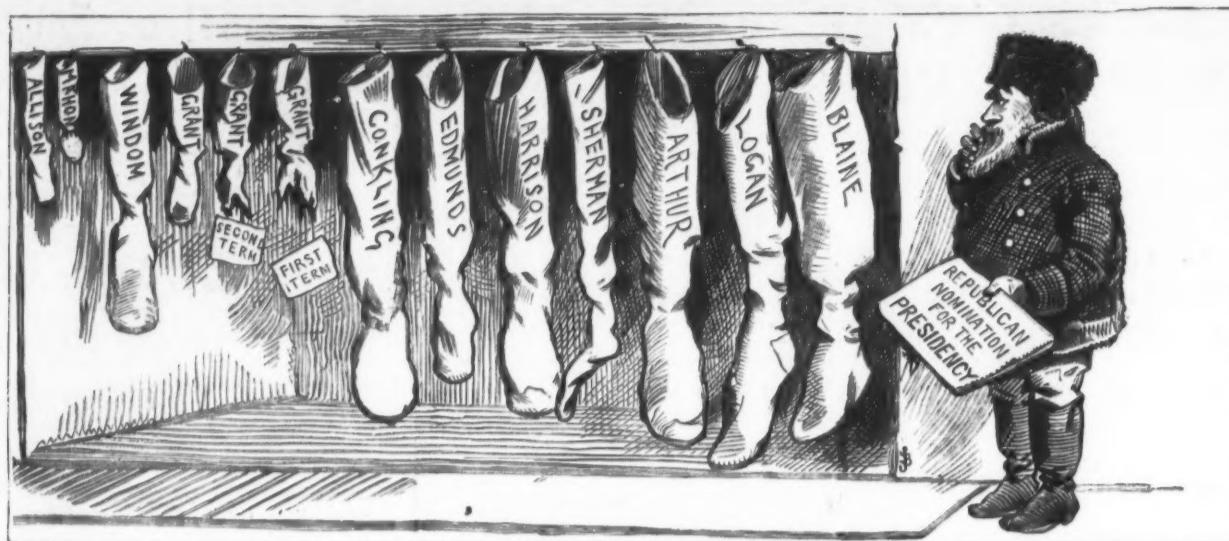
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